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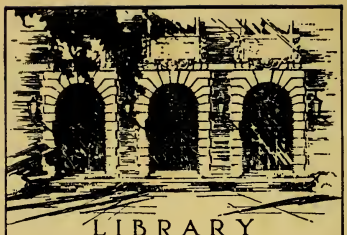

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A

PICTURE FROM LIFE:

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

EMMA TANKERVILLE

AND

SIR HENRY MORETON.

QUID DECEAT, QUID NON QUÒ VIRTUS, QUÒ FERAT ERROR.
HOR

BY HENRY WHITFIELD, M. A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR S. HIGHLEY,
(SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE MR. JOHN MURRAY)
NO 24, FLEET STREET.

1804.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-square.

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PREFACE.

HE who endeavours to aid the cause of virtue, to correct human passions and follies, and at the same time to entertain his reader, may justify his claim to the merit of good intentions, even if he should not succeed in his grand object, that of benefiting the community. Among many vulgar errors, perhaps there is not one more prevalent or dangerous than this: "That Novels are unworthy the attention of men of any education or literary acquirements;" I could wish that such trifles, as they are frequently called, were rated higher. The daily demands for them from those accommodating caterers of the public, the Proprietors of Circulating Libraries, prove that they are entertaining. The praises

bestowed upon the writers of these works, from which a knowledge of the world may be safely and cheaply attained or augmented, amount to a full demonstration of their use.

Among the ancients, we must suppose this species of writing to have been unknown, their silence being to be considered as a proof of this desideratum. The Greeks, indeed, are characterised by Juvenal, as *bold* historians; and we know that Livy has recounted incredible and superstitious wonders, and not a few romantic exploits; as Herodotus also has done. The Satyricon of Petronious Arbiter, whose chief merit worthy of notice is his elegance of stile, has been handed down to us: I believe this may be called a Romance.

The *Fabliaux*, descriptive of the early ages of chivalry, were numerous in both

the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. But Giovanni Boccacio, who has given celebrity to the place of his birth, (Certaldo, in Tuscany) and who flourished in the year 1313, may be considered as the father of modern Romance; and to that author's Decameron, a varied and elegant ten days entertainment, Shakespeare and other writers are indebted for the bases of some of their best superstructures.

As Novel is nearly allied to Romance, it may not be improper, briefly to notice the virtues and failings of the last mentioned species of literature. The feudal system gave birth to Romance. She was beautiful, animated, lovely, often humorous, but generally serious, and was very well informed. At length she became vitiated. Her followers, no longer able or willing to check or re-

dress outrageous grievances beyond the law, began themselves to act the parts of needy out-laws. Thus did these dishonourable and wandering prodigals no longer follow her virgin footsteps. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, gave Romance a death-blow; and after that spirited attack, abashed and routed, she drooped her head, absconded, and since that æra has not been seen among men. She, however, who had been an acknowledged favourite for such a number of years, did not die in obscurity without leaving *an heir*; a Phœnix arose from her ashes. This was her youthful daughter, ycleped the Novel. As long as the Novelist writes from sound principles, there are hopes; but "excessive sensibility," or terrific chimeras, may be the cause of untimely decay. It were pity, that the delicate

Novel should die from supernatural terrors.

Although the present state of civilized society has set bounds to the fancy of the Novel writer, he may, while he serves the cause of virtue, and makes fiction approximate to truth, address himself successfully to the passions, and use the licence which poets and painters claim; so that, in addition to heroism and sentiment, the reader may be amused with refinement and correctness. While the French can boast the writings of Le Sage, (if revolutionary prepossession will permit them to bestow praises on works written while kings were on their thrones) we can produce the stories of Fielding, Smollet, Goldsmith, Moore; and the pleasing novels of the fair writer of Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla.

It has always been my humble opinion, that the pathetic Fielding knew best the doctrine of the passions; and the witty Smollet that of human action. Both, however, knew men and manners well; and it is universally agreed, that from the works of the intelligent scholar, and the acute historian, much instruction and entertainment may be derived. But here this truth forces itself upon my observation; that the well known characters of Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle may do mischief. Were any man to interrogate me as to which lesson I thought the most useful in one of those excellent novels, I should answer, "It is to be found in that chapter in which *Pickle is thrown into prison*," as the natural consequence of extravagance. I do heartily wish, that every young man

would pause, and prudently take leisure to consider, ere he plunges into ungoverned and unprincipled excesses. To be noticed in the columns of a public print, or to fill the mouths of artful and tricking gamesters, will be but a poor compensation for an arrest, the horrors of a prison, mental and bodily suffering, ineffectual remorse, and the neglect of friends.

I have endeavoured to depict in the following pages, a young man of good sense, and large fortune, as misusing the former, and squandering the latter; which, as well as good natural faculties, is a most valuable talent, if reasonably used. Such a man acts the character of the *patriotic* Brutus, with this material difference, that he assumes his folly, without sharing his praise, on account of such disguise. There is no tyranny to

resist, but that which proceeds from his own heedless passions, there is no enemy to encounter but himself. Yet slight attention is required to ensure to him a prosperous, innocuous, and even praiseworthy *victory*; and, that I may talk as a philosopher, more glorious than those gained at the Granicus and Issus, Pharsalia, or on the plain of Marengo. Such laurels are more estimable than those of Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte.

Emma Tankerville is pourtrayed as a lovely female, immaculate, as all ladies who have any pretensions to character should be. The author presumes, that he shall not be accused of ill-will towards society, in having chosen for his heroine a young lady so remarkably accomplished.

Those who think that Sir Henry Moreton is far too virtuous and correct,

may feel inclined to forgive a Novel Writer, who maintains as a maxim, that happiness in temporal life consists in well governing the passions. And the Author would advise such as have not yet undertaken this task, to make an useful experiment as speedily as possible.

The present political state of affairs has prevented Emma Tankerville from travelling to any country beside Germany: further, it will not be contradicted, that the Poet of Nature is good authority for supposing a young lady naturally solicitous to follow her lover.

Lastly, let not any scholar be offended at the character of Doctor Anapest. The honourable Mr. Pellet is not the representative of all young men; nor is the character of Anapest the copy of every classical scholar. The real

gentleman, even of good sense, may smile at the extravagancies of Pellet. The scholar will certainly never censure the Author for disclosing the foibles of Doctor Anapest, as he can assure them, he so much reveres science, as to wish that it may never be improperly applied. In this *Picture from Life*, he has endeavoured to give a shade to some prominent figures; and if this perspective should please, or affect the mind of the contemplative, he will have great reason to be gratified with *his drawing*.

The Author had intended to have said a few words respecting the publication of a book, and suffering his name to accompany it; but a conversation which took place with a friend some few days past, will serve in place of any other introduction.

INTRODUCTION!

Being a Dialogue between a Friend of the Author and himself.

Friend. So you are resolved to publish a novel with your name to it. I saw it advertised in the Morning Post.

Author. This is my intention; and from arguing the subject, I do not see any good reason to the contrary. Other authors have prefixed their real names to their own works. Besides, there is an instance of one having been robbed by not doing it. Virgil met with a thief, one Battus, who pilfered his verses; the complaint of the modest Roman deserves to be treasured as an historical precept by succeeding authors. Few have known the real authors of *Chrysal*, *Junius's Letters*, or *The Whole Duty of*

Man. Besides, do we not see names to every thing estimable? *Brunswick* Blacking Cakes, prepared by Mr. Turner, for instance, are sold with an advertisement, *pro bono publico.* "Words cannot set forth its just praise, nor its transcendant qualities be truly known but by experience." The maker of Cricket Bats modestly puts his name to the *end* of his works, and is a cauſe of many *good hits*; for his Cricket Balls come off with *flying colours*, in a *sublime*, but very irregular manner. Even the Cutler has his name on the blades of his works, and makes a most *splendid* appearance; while his talents for *sharpness*, *penetration*, and *his good temper*, are loudly commended.

*Friend. Animus est in patinis.** Yet there may be some reason in what you

* His mind is in the *dishes.*

have advanced. I do not recollect, however, that Inigo Jones, truly a great man, has affixed his name to the Banquetting-house; or that the Monument tells us who was its ingenious architect.

Author. Your supposition is just. Yet Horace has raised *a monument more durable than brass*, with the hopes of being known to posterity. That I may quote his words, he says,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

In a word, my volition is fixed; and I have only to observe, that my Novel is neither particularly humorous, sentimental, terrific, nor epistolary, but a compound of these four essentials.

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A

PICTURE FROM LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm;
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

GRAY.

OUR HEROINE INTRODUCED ---OUR IDEAS ARE IMPROVED BY REFLECTION AND EDUCATION----REASONS FOR A YOUNG LADY NOT DECLINING PROPOSALS FOR MARRIAGE.

IT was now that season of the year when Peers and Peeresses, Statesmen and their Ladies, gambling Countesses, Knights of the noble and illustrious Orders of the Garter, Thistle, and Bath, Esquires of independent fortunes and their families, according to the arbitrary rules of fashion, are indulging their taste in rounds of

elegant dissipation, preferring town to a country residence.

For who would be so truly gothic, as to delight in enamelled plains, where nature boasts nothing new, but continues to deck the earth with its favourite colour; who would taste the cooling brook or listen to the warbling chorister, when the Mall is crowded with loungers of the first class, when jellies may be purchased at Mr. Candy's, and Mrs. Billington is allowed to surpass the notes of her whom simple poets call Philomel

This reasoning is conclusive, as nature only listens to the feathered songster; but to the charming Anglo-Italian powdered Critics from the pit, Dukes from the boxes, the Chronicadors of taste, fashion and sense, nightly sacrifice the most lavish incense of adulation. While the countryman scatters seeds for the ensuing harvest, the pick-pocket is getting in his; while

"The swain responsive to the milk-maid sings"

female ballad-singers, or hurdy-gurdy players, delight their numerous auditors, these perhaps chanting in bass-voice the manners, dress and person of our formidable enemy, those winding opera airs of the newest fashion, which they assure you *upon their honors* have not been out above two winters: while Nature gives her aid in teaching the promising plant to bud, Art, with a more liberal hand, gives green peas at three guineas a quart.

The reader of the least judgment will by this time, probably, have discovered that it was the spring of the year, when Emma Tankerville, in company with her aunt Mrs. Maitland, sate working some flowers, which seemed to rival the richest productions of Flora. They had not yet left the metropolis for the country—indeed their stile of living did not allow them so far to depart from custom as to exchange noise for tranquillity. Although the sun darted its bright effulgence into the parlour, a fashionable

fire blazed, and the monotonous sound of chimney sweep broke upon morning slumbers in the flowery month of May.

A long silence was thus interrupted by Mrs. Maitland : " You have not, my dear, forgotten Mrs. Mortimer's invitation to her masquerade this evening, and however I may be of opinion that much danger may arise to unguarded persons of our sex, at such places of amusement, yet it is not proper, Emma, that you should be entirely ignorant of fashionable entertainments. No doubt, many good and worthy people, and most genteel families, frequent them. By the bye, your cousin Pellet, and Dr. Dash, his tutor, dine with us to-day, and are to escort us to the masquerade."

Emma briefly replied, " I shall be ready to attend you, dear aunt."

" How much happier," Mrs. Maitland continued, " are we than our neighbours on the continent ; surely we can never sufficiently thank Providence for such es-

pecial favours: when war rages with its attendant horrors, we rest in securi at home; while our brave armies encounter their enemies in their own provinces, the English family are free from alarms, excepting those which arise from the perils part of any family may undergo. In the Gazette we read of the triumphs of our brave countrymen, and if we cannot have the full enjoyment of the comforts of our fire-side, as in peace, we are not shocked with the sight of a besieging enemy, and the victorious entry of invading troops. This we owe, child, in a great measure to the superior nautical skill, not to add bravery and confidence of our seamen, and those difficulties which may attend any attempts in the invasion of this country. Our towns being in an unfortified state are brought as arguments by some for the facility of the enemy's progress, but they seem to forget that the want of fortified towns would be felt by him in the same

degree as with us. Happy England! did she know how blessed she was above all nations."

To this spirited apostrophe of her aunt Emma made answer, with a sigh,—

"I wish there was no such evil as war; for evil you must allow it to be, dearest aunt: not to enter into detail on the miseries it brings, if we consider the increase of taxes, and how many worthy and honest people have their happiest moments embittered by that dreadful calamity, surely peace is preferable to the most glorious war."

"You talk like a simpleton, child; war is necessary to the English, or else how is the balance of Europe to be preserved?"

"And yet place humanity in the scale, and the duties we owe our fellow-creatures, and it may be no very difficult matter, dearest aunt, to conjecture which will preponderate, or rather ought to do, on a fair balance."

"Aye, child, you have not lived so long

in the world as I have," answered Mrs. Maitland; "war, I repeat, is necessary for the preservation of our rights; we undertake war for the purposes of chastising our enemies for insults given, for the safety of our country, for maintaining our importance. Was not England the enterprising nation she is, her flag would be insulted, the ports of other nations would be shut against her vessels. The weakest nation has much to apprehend from its ambitious and powerful enemy. The Romans lived by plundering its less warlike inhabitants. The Chinese, in spite of their strong-built stone wall, which was fifteen hundred miles in length, were attacked and reduced by the Tartars two hundred and fifty years ago. The Mexicans and Peruvians were overrun by the inhabitants of Spain, then in the meridian of her glory, and Poland underwent a shameful partition, because she was too weak to defend herself against the ambition of Russia and the other neigh-

bouring powers. Can you suppose, for one moment, child, that England would be spared by France, was she not able to resist her attacks? It requires slight pretexts to undertake a war, when there is a probability of success. After the first Punic war, the fate of Carthage was soon decided, and the ambitious Romans declared war, when caprice, or ambition, suggested to them inordinate necessity. Whether the opening of the Scheldt, or the insult of an ambassador is the reason given for a declaration of war, avails little, if the nations are jealous of each other. War is an evil, I grant you, but necessary in any world but an Utopian one, it must be had recourse to."

"This argument is infallible, I dare say," replied Emma, "but I wish the causes of war were less trivial than they frequently are; the misfortunes it produces are so heavily felt. Poor Miss Orwell, who is in mourning for her brother, who caught the

fever in the West Indies, and died there, must think so, I am sure. When I see her I pity her from my heart. He was a good young man, and supported his aged mother from his pay : they had reason to love him."

" He will be buried in St. Paul's cathedral," said the political Mrs. Maitland, bridling with an air of disdain, " his name will be in the Gazette, and history will record the virtues of Major Orwell."

" I fear Harriet would rather walk with him arm in arm, or hear him read to her, than share those honors, which, if not invaluable, are little consoling to the living."

" Your father, Emma, was an officer." At the mention of this circumstance, Mrs. Maitland observed her lovely listener to shew emotions of tender grief---Miss Tankerville had already applied her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and also laid her work on the table.

" My dear," said her aunt, immediately collecting herself, and visibly alarmed, " I

did not intend to call up melancholy reflections: nothing, I hope, that you will think so, was further from my intentions. My brother was an honor to his profession; and brave as a hero in war, in peace embellished society with the most refined humanity.

"I have heard," said Emma, "that was the character my poor papa always bore."

A flood of tears came to her relief, and was a portrait worthy of the chaste Reynolds.

Miss Tankerville was the only daughter of an officer of distinguished rank in the army, and who had bravely fought in the protection of his country, and helped to add to her glory. On peace being made he returned home, expecting to find the fondest reception from his beloved Julia. He found indeed what he had assured himself he should find, if she was living. Yet, alas! how uncertain is the happiness of man! Covered with honor, and blessed with an

excellent, accomplished, beautiful, and loving wife, having a fortune which put him in possession of more than an elegant sufficiency, he was doomed to misery. On his arrival, he embraced his little prattler, Emma, but was informed that his wife was suffering under a malignant distemper, and that there were small hopes of her recovery. Speechless with astonishment, and motionless with grief, her husband, Percival Tankerville, was in a state of mind resembling phrenzy. When he at length recovered from the stupor into which this intelligence had thrown him, he desired to be shewn to her apartment, where he viewed his Julia, pale with disease and already breathing her last moments of existence. He called upon her name; at his voice she faintly turned her eyes upon the faithful Percival, expressed visible signs of joy, closed them, pressed his hand, and embraced the little sobbing Emma, our heroine, who hung by the bedside of her mother, and then pointing to

her child, with difficulty articulated an eternal farewel, smiled in the agony of death, and sunk on the pillow to rise no more.

It was some time before the afflicted mourners could be forced from the arms of the deceased. Emma pulled off her shoes for fear she should awake her mama, placed her fingers on her lips, intimating that silence was to be kept, then repeatedly kissed the pale cheek of her mother, and moistened her face with her sobs.

"Speak, speak!" the innocent lisper cried, "do, mammy, speak to Emmy---Papa, my good papa, do make mammy talk."

She then tried in playfulness to open her eyes, burst into tears, and pulled her dear papa away for fear "he should die too, and not be able to talk to his Emmy."

Struggling to bear this sad stroke, grief overpowered Colonel Tankerville, and he shortly followed his Julia to the grave. With the most forcible and affectionate invocations and entreaties, he bequeathed his feeble orphan to the care of his sister.

Mrs. Maitland followed the funeral of her relative with unfeigned sorrow, and rightly conceived that the best method of testifying affection to her brother, was by bestowing the utmost attention on the education of his daughter. The favorite maxims which she inculcated in the mind of Emma were, that every gift of Heaven was lent us for our improvement, and that woman should in a peculiar manner reverence herself, and should begin early to keep her desires in the strictest bounds.

Nature had adorned the person of Emma Tankerville with every captivating grace. An interesting softness beamed in her countenance, her eyes were never so well employed as when they spake some laudable affection of her soul; auburn hair arrayed her person with the most bewitching elegance, luxuriantly flowing down her exquisitely turned shoulders. It was not in the power of art to give beauty to the fair Emma, but she always displayed judg-

ment in her dress, for she did not think, like many wise ladies, that dress was totally to be neglected. While health tinged her cheeks with the colour of the rose, it was in vain that advertisements boasted of cosmetics which gave superior bloom. She might have been taken for one of those nymphs, who in ancient times were said to preside over rivers, fountains, and groves, did not the majesty of her appearance shew more of the goddess, than denote an inferior attendant. She was of that age, when the passions, useful as they are directed, make the most forcible impressions on the heart, and unaffected sentiment was uttered from her mouth, embellished with rosy lips and the purest ivory. Yet those attractions would not have been so much the general topic of praise, when beauty was the theme, had she not in public places been espied through the glasses of some distinguished connoisseurs, and pronounced by them a devilish fine girl. Miss Tankerville then was the reigning toast.

I beg of you, O profound connoisseurs and acknowledged critics in that excellence of nature, female beauty, not to judge too harshly, but giving me a candid and impartial hearing, allow that such an amiable creature as Emma Tankerville might exist, as I myself, I do assure you, have the honor of being acquainted with one who rivals her, nay, being in possession of the *je ne sçais quoi* of the French, joined to more than a common share of English good nature, to my taste, surpasses even the lovely girl whom I have attempted, with humble submission, to pourtray.

That I may not be guilty of inattention, I shall briefly give the reader the outlines of Mrs. Maitland's character. She was a prudent, sensible woman, endowed with much penetration, but fond of politics, and remarkable for her knowledge in making preserves and pickles, paying butchers and bakers accompts, &c.

A thundering knocking at the street door

announced the visit of some important personages, when the honorable Mr. Pellet, and his tutor, the reverend Doctor Dash, were formally announced.

" Ah, cousin Emmy," said the honorable Mr. Pellet, who was dressed in extreme fashion, " it is really an age since I have seen you. May I never nick the caster if it does not give me more pleasure seeing you than winning the box. I have been engaged all this week, and have had no time to pay my respects to you. And how do you do, aunt?" making a slight inclination of his body; " you wear as well as ever, I think, for my part."

Again the knocker of the street door announced a third visitor, when Mr. Maitland was introduced into the room. He was politely welcomed by Emma, who observed that " it was fine weather," and asked him " if he brought any very particular news from the city?"

Of the mercantile class, steady though

young, and following the business of a British merchant, more from inclination than necessity, Mr. Maitland stood unrivalled for connections, assiduity in business, respectability, and integrity. Far be it from me to draw any invidious comparisons between men who adorn and benefit society, but this gentleman's philanthropy and public spirit were remarkable.

In all patriotic subscriptions, held at Lloyd's or elsewhere, the name of Maitland stood conspicuous; in him the wounded soldier found his friend and benefactor, the disconsolate and indigent widow her husband, and in him the poor and friendless orphan their parent restored to them. The fond hope of his mother, he was good-natured, intelligent, and handsome. An union had been planned by his mother between her niece and Mr. Maitland; but Emma was averse to such an alliance for particular reasons; her disposition, gay and volatile, was not suited to the reserved and

prudent temper of her cousin. She considered the marriage ceremony, not as a matter of mere convenience, but as a most sacred juncture of the heart and affections. How, then, could she loveJames Maitland? But she felt esteem and partiality for him, and this she had openly, though reluctantly disclosed to him, as it gave great pain to her sensible mind to say any thing which might wound his feelings.

He heard his sentence not without deep regret, but, at the same time, with becoming fortitude. Business, and long accustomed habits of caution, had rendered him cool and collected ; indeed his turn of mind was not, by nature, disposed to passion, as I have already observed. In addition to this cogent reason, Emma Tankerville considered herself as too closely affianced by the ties of consanguinity to enter into a connubial alliance with her cousin, James Maitland, although her aunt, who suffered politics to sway her mind in most matters,

strongly urged, that the benefits resulting from a family compact would be of infinite utility and importance. This good lady reasoned after the method of many others who are fond of suiting divine laws, as well as human, to their own inclinations, and rejoice when they espy an outlet through which they may creep. The laws, passing over the first cousin german, prohibit the second from marrying. After this form Solon devised a law for punishing murder, but omitted any penal statute for parricide, supposing that the spirit of the law, which was shewn in one instance, would prevail in the other, and sufficiently demonstrate his intention.

CHAPTER II.

Thrice happy sons of Cam, whom Proctor's rage
Rarely molest, whether your snorting steeds
Snuff, from afar, Newmarket's well-known breeze,
Or furious pant to gain the verdant heights
Of Gogmagog. MAURICE'S POEMS.

A YOUNG MAN OF FASHION AND HIS BUTT.—A DINNER PARTY.—A MERCHANT IS BUT A QUIZ.—EULOGIUM ON COFFEE.—ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE EXAMINATION OF A CLERGYMAN.

AT dinner, the honorable Mr. Pellet proposed to Doctor Dash, by a well-known intimation and familiar sign, to run down the merchant. Gladly would I relate to my fair reader an account of the various jokes which were *cut* at the expence of the most glorious personage we boast of in our isles; but I am aware that a repetition of the words "bore," "lounge,"

" quiz," " lumber," " tip them the go by," " paying the Spanish," " row," " Sunday buck," " dished," " devilish cunning," and terms of similar import, would not please, but might, on the contrary, much disgust the delicate and refined taste of her to whom I may have the happiness of addressing myself.

I will now attempt to give my reader some account of the dignified clergyman present at Mrs. Maitland's: his face resembled the figure of a human countenance carved out on some sticks, curious in their make, and the bald places of his head, as those of Cæsar's were covered with laurel, were concealed with powder; with this difference in their respective characters, that the Roman General took the lives and properties of those whom he gloriously encountered, while the Doctor was contented with property alone. In plain words, he constantly frequented Newmarket; and the spring meetings he ludicrously

called the Easter offerings. It was here that he, by his consummate knowledge in betting, contrived to pick up a fortune of eighteen hundred pounds per annum. He was a member of all the whist clubs in the fashionable part of the town, kept his mistress, drove a green chair, kept two horses besides a groom, was remarkable for the neatness and make of his leather-breeches, groomish waistcoat, and the jockey cut of his coat, as well as the elegance of his tooth-pickcase, mounted snuff-box, whip, curious and silver-mounted sticks, and silver spurs.

The honorable Mr. Pellet having enjoyed high fun, and joked sufficiently, as he termed the frequent sallies of his intemperate humour, thus disclosed the character which he intended to assume at night:

"It is my scheme to go as a mail-coachman; I'll shew them what's fun. Dick Whipcord, who was a d——d clever fellow, a most terrible scholar, and under-

stood Latin as well as driving four in hand; by the bye, a better coachman never handled reins, has frequently let me into a secret or two. I have not been at Cambridge for nothing. Many a time and oft, as Shakespeare has it, have Dick and I roughed it on the box in cold frosty nights; snow or rain it was all one to me. I had but to be in chapel next evening. O d—me, Dick was a precious fellow. He was the lily. He was all the go with us. I would wager fifty pieces to as many shillings, and will post the ruples at any time, that not a square cap in either university could keep ground with him. He outran, curse his queer gumption (here the honorable senator laughed for the space of two minutes)---Dick outran all the learned ones; he would be a rolling stone to every don. May I lose the odd trick with four honors in my hand, if the rumgumptious fellow did not poze all the Doctors from the bachelor to the caput I have him in my mind's eye, he beat them

hollow, did he not, doctor? Oh he was the lily, was he not the lily, doctor?"

The reverend gentleman to whom the question was proposed, perfectly knew his duty and assented, picking his teeth with a complacent smile.

The honorable Mr. Pellet then proceeded to give his hearers a powerful display of his strength of lungs, by vociferating the view halloo.

"As for you, right reverend," the noble youth continued, "you will go as my friend Critic counselled me to day, when I met him in Bond-street, you will go as editor of the Scandalous Chronicle, a new daily paper. Ladies, will you look at the printed hand-bills? they are really monstrous queer."

So saying, he politely delivered one into Emma's hands, who read the following:

"*Speedily will be published,*

"*A New Daily Paper,*

"THE SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE."

"The Editor begs leave to acquaint

ladies of all distinctions, nobility, clergy, and gentry, that this public print is to be conducted on a most improved and extensive scheme; and he has the hope that, by hints, surmises, and well-founded conjectures, he will be enabled to gratify his readers, and place this *glass of fashion* on a most respectable footing. He confesses that a great part of the necessary support must be owing to the fortunate war which has taken place, marriages, and the contradictions of them, rumours of the death of placemen and great personages, by which he humbly hopes to gain an honest livelihood.—Price 3d. *Taxed by the Premier 3d.*"

Emma could not refuse the tribute of a smile to a scheme so well drawn up, and so likely to succeed.

Mr. Maitland now withdrew, it being post night, and as soon as he was gone, the honorable Mr. Pellet, and Dr. Dash, descanted on the superior qualities of a *box*

vivant, apologizing at the same time to Mrs. Maitland for their freedom.

" For without freedom of speech," said Dash, " where would be the boasted liberty of the subject ? What though I was rusticated at College, and suffered as a martyr to the cause of freedom of speech ; you cannot refuse to drink, ladies, you cannot refuse drinking, cousin Emmy, the excellent toast of Liberty to all Britons."

Here he laughed heartily, and poured out four glasses of sparkling champaign, then helping his aunt and cousin to two bumpers; Dr. Dash followed their example; indeed he drank by prescription.

The ladies now retired to the drawing-room, where they were soon followed by the gentlemen, who after arranging their plans for the ensuing week, and their bets at the next Newmarket meeting, drank coffee with the view of clearing their brains. " What is it that makes Lord H—y speak so eloquently on the subject of war and

commerce? Coffee is the cause of Lord Cas—gh so strenuously supporting, in such a clear train of reasoning, the constitutional measures of Mr. A——n. What gives poignancy to the satire of the honorable Wm. W——m? Nothing but this excellent beverage? What enables Mr. P——t to use such demonstrative reason, or such sophistry and self-government in disclosing his unfeigned sentiments; or from whence proceeds such bright emanations of reason from his late great colleague, Lord M—lv—lle? Coffee is, I assert, the principal cause.

"The use of this valuable berry renders the politician shrewd, the divine eloquent, the lawyer skilful. If such be its valuable qualities, I charge you, O young men! to drink large draughts of it, as, without such assistance, it may be difficult to shine in the senate, bar, or pulpit."

The reverend divine had once the honor of reading prayers before the Prince of ***, who observed that he never heard prayers

read in such a manner before. The hon. Mr. Pellet always related this anecdote with considerable effect, winking his eyes, and, by an expressive smile, intimating the double meaning that his Royal Highness intended to convey. This story was told regularly, to the great edification of the company, wherever the right hon. gentleman and his tutor dined. Indeed Dash was an excellent butt at all times to his patron, who commanded not only two boroughs, but had the disposal of two rich livings. This made the man of the gown exert himself; "for," says a celebrated French writer in his maxims, "every action proceeds, in a greater or lesser degree, from self-love."

Another story upon record concerning our divine is, that when he went to Oxford for the purpose of being admitted to his degree, he was met by his fellow student, and once college companion, in the streets, who enquired what brought him to

Isis? "What!" said the doctor, "Sir, can you suppose, but the intention of taking my degree?" smiling and shewing those teeth which nature had taken great care to place in a conspicuous point of view. His friend took the liberty of questioning him to clear the doubts which he entertained of his having prepared himself for examination; but finding him ignorant as to subjects of divinity, he abruptly asked him "Quis genuit Eclipse?"* To the immortal disgrace of both universities, it so happens, that there are some dull fellows foolish enough to consider that hippomany and dashing character are not perfectly consistent with an academical education or a clerical life. The Doctor was not in the least irritated; little acquainted with the language of the Romans, he did not know what most boys of the second form at Eton do, that *genuit* was the preter-perfect tense of *gigno*, to beget; but having read the name of Eclipse,

* "Who was the sire of Eclipse?"

of whose excellence he was well informed, as well as pedigree, dam, grand-dam, sire, grand-sire, fleetness, matches, cups, and plates won, he flattered himself that it was some great compliment paid him; and having read the praises of horses in translations, for he ever read the classics in English, he bowed, returned the compliment, asked his friend, who had been busily employed in writing an abstruse explanation of the æolic digamma, to come and meet some university men at the Angel Inn, to a dinner party.

And here it is with grief I mention, that the Doctor was particularly unfortunate that evening, for one of the company detected him peeping through the key-hole, intensely exercising his curiosity in ascertaining, as he usually did, whether the party in his absence drank more wine than was exactly their share. He was of course fined a bumper of salt and water, and obliged to drink it. It was in vain he pleaded

the sacred office of president, and it was to as little purpose that his friend brought quotations from Anacreon and Horace, to support the chair. The horrible potion was prepared, mixed, and the Doctor was drenched. The infamy also was told in Soho, published in Newmarket, and the Philistines rejoiced, for the beauty of Israel was fallen, the sons of Israel wept over the Doctor: nor was this the termination of his misfortunes: the next day, on being asked by the examining chaplain, who was the author of the Pentateuch, our Apostle, who was certainly not a man of letters, replied, after some hesitation, he believed St. Paul.

The gentleman, who examined the candidates for orders, and who was a good natured and learned man, smiled at his mistake; and as some school-boys have saved their seat of honour from being exposed, by being fortunate enough to raise a smile upon them from the master, the Doctor saved himself the expences of another jour-

ney to Oxford, a circumstance of no trifling moment in his judgment, and escaped being plucked; and lest the boys, as he called the students, should make sport of him, as speedily as possible, swifter than the rook, our ignorant Apostle from the bowers of Isis took his flight.

CHAPTER III.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FRENCH VALET AND HIS MASTER.—AN ERRONEOUS IDEA OF CHARITY.

AFTER drinking tea, the Statesman and his dependant retired to their respective habitations to dress for the evening.

When the honorable Mr. Pellet reached home, he rang for Facile, his valet de chambre. The obsequious foreigner in an instant made his appearance; his principal merit and utility were speaking the French language and broken English so as scarcely to be understood. To this talent was added a certain degree of complaisance, which honest John Bull in his blunt way is fond of stiling meanness, fawning, or cant.

The following dialogue commenced between the master and his valet.

The honorable Mr. Pellet. "Facile, are there any letters for me?"

Facile. "Oui, Monsieur, (with the lowest bow, giving the right honorable Mr. Pellet a letter) the honorable Monsieur Thomas Vortex has sent dis note for you."

The honorable Mr. Pellet reading:

"DEAR PELLET,

"To-morrow Belcher fights. The Olympics! Rare sport! My brown mare, Sommers-town, has been entered for the cup at Epsom. Patriot is out of condition, and certainly no favourite. It is inconceivable how deep in I am; two thousand on one race. Kill or cure, dish'd or made. *Audaci fortuna favet,* but she does not smile always. Betsy Paintwel has left me. Converted, by all that's treacherous, a draft I gave her of £.200 into £.2000; so that I am, let me recollect—eighteen hundred minus. Cunning jilt! but I'll serve her a trick. I expect pocketing the stuff in a

month or six weeks, as t'other Betsy, the sow, is in excellent condition ; the bets are already, Bess against the man, five to four. Laura bolted at Chelmsford. Have you any horses entered for the cup ? Somnerstown is in fine order for running, she is the lily.

Yours sincerely,

THOM. VORTEX."

Thursday, 5 o'clock.

Facile. " I have de honour, Monsieur, (bowing) to present you wit anoder billet from mi Lord Shuffle, (making another low bow, and most submissively placing the note in his hands.)"

The honorable Mr. Pellet reading :

" DEAR JACK,

" Do you attend the lower house on the budget ? I really want cash. Am monstrous poor. Cannot therefore send you the three hundred due for billiards and hazard, but must borrow two hundred more,

to make up the five, if convenient. The weather is uncommon hot.

Yours faithfully,

SHUFFLE."

" P. S. A verbal answer will do if you cannot send supplies."

Facile. " There have beside called on you, Monsieur, (bowing) de tailleur, two jockies un marchand, qui vend du vin, Monsieur Soleil, un jeweller, Monsieur Di-d**ot, un opera dancer, Monsieur Issachar, the great broker, qui est ver rich."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. " Very well, my good Facile. Honest Issacar is a d. . . . d good sort of fellow. He is the lily."

Facile. " Ah, mon Dieu! mais Monsieur, (emphatically shrugging up his shoulders) mais Monsieur (smiling, and putting his hand to his breast) une demoiselle charmante, tres belle, com this evening, she says dat she love you, that she, en verité, adore you, enfin elle dit que vous etes barbare, ingrat, and dat she will be ver inconsolable."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. " Adorable creature! but if I hear a tittle of French from you, I'll break every bone in your skin."

Facile. " Maamselle look ver pretty, Sar."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. " You French devil, fetch my masquerade dress."

Facile. " Ah vous etes toujours gai, Monsieur, toujours plaisant, just like one Frenchman exactement."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. " None of your jabbering, Sir, depechez vous and be d——d."

Facile. " I fly en verité, Sar,I fly, (scraping very low on the ground, and hobbling out of the room) ma foi ! peste ! le diable (muttering to himself) dis corn does plaguy me so, I must pay one visit to M. Gardiner, who has cured de Duchess of Rigadoon's pieds."

The honorable Mr. Pellet. " What is

that you say, you old fool?" (shoving him violently out of the room.)

Facile. (returns and makes a low bow) "I have de honour of having received one big push from you, Sar. I am ver obligé, Sar, ver, ver much oblige indeed."

"Is such a man," said the honorable Mr. Pellet, as the Frenchman again quitted the room, "to pretend to have a genius for liberty? Plague take such rascals. If he did not make me laugh, I would have caused him to troop long before this time. I believe I am the most charitable and generous fellow on earth, to protect him."

How many, like the honorable Mr. Pellet, imagine and call actions laudable, which if they should be investigated, will be found solely to originate from caprice.

Having dressed, he threw himself into his chariot, and was driven to Portland-street.

The hon. Mr. Pellet was one of those gentlemen, who, contrary to the common-

alty, who get their bread by the sweat of their brow, are scarcely able to endure the fatigue of walking, or rather lounging; cannot dine after the manner of les bourgeois, pronounce the wine that is not to be traced to the ample cellars of Carbonel or Challier, most intolerable, and vile compound; must be regular in their visits to Tattersall's, and enjoy no self satisfaction or gratification, but consider that *they have lost a day*, if they omit lounging at places of amusement, where all the world go. In short, in the course of the revolving year they have shewed themselves in particular parties; seen particular races; conversed with particular people; danced with particular women; played particular games of billiards; made particular matches at crickets; been at particular whist parties, plays and operas; encored particular actors and actresses; and eat of particular dishes; besides having discharged their duties as members of parliament at a few particular debates.

CHAPTER IV.

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

SHAKSPERE—*Romeo and Juliet.*

A MASQUERADE.—A LOVE ELEGY TO A COOK-MAID, AND SERIOUS REFLECTIONS DRAWN FROM PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—A SINGULAR CHARACTER.—A GREAT PERSONAGE.—DUKE OF M—CH———R. DUKE OF NORTH—ND.—A BALLAD SINGER IN CHARACTER.—SERIOUS ALTERCATION AND EFFECTS OF GALLANT BEHAVIOR.

EMMA had habited herself in the character of a nun; her auburn and long tresses of hair were artfully concealed under a neat cap, her garment sat close around her lovely form, while a string of beads hung from her neck of purest alabaster, and

ſhading the fine cambric, formed an elegant contrast, and

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.

Lovely Emma, in whatever dress art supplied, thou wert sure of pleasing. Immortal shalt thou be, if my humble panegyric can make thee so.

At the settled hour of appointment the parties drove to Berkeley Square, where they were politely received by the hostess. Mrs. Maitland was in a plain domino, conceiving, as she wisely observed, a strict neutrality in the present times was most expedient and salutary, and in this plan she but followed the policy of the imperial court of Vienna.

The rooms were crowded, and the number of visitants exceeded five hundred. There were to be met Dianas without chastity; Falstaff's resembling Shakspere's humorous knight in nothin g save thebulk

of their persons; sailors scented with essences, city swains, right honorable milk-maids covered with rouge, ballad singers opulent in acres of dirty land, noble Jew-brokers, and dukes metamorphosed into chimney-sweepers and watermen. Among the characters was a Telemachus, who had taken lessons in dancing from Did**ot, and whereas the wise son of Ulysses was distinguished by his solid wisdom and admirable judgment, the excellent qualities of his representative seemed solely to lie in his heels. His Mentor was an Israelitish stock-broker, to whom it was reported he was greatly in debt. Emma, who made houses speak, and bears most amorously growl, did not escape sundry impertinent addresses from this motley groupe, who came to see and be seen. A Quaker accosted her with distorted grimace, and protested with more than simple asseveration, " that he felt inwardly moved with strange qualms, that the spirit had wrested with the flesh to lit-

tle purpose, and that he felt a very urgent inclination, yea a strong impulse of the inward man to be affianced to the lovely person of his goodly sister; yea he longed to make her one of the faithful, and to put her in the right way."

"I wonder," rejoined our heroine, "that thou venturest into the tabernacles of the ungodly; verily thou art entrapped by Beelzebub, and the machinations of the evil one have vanquished thy devout affections, and altered thy demeanor. Thou art content no longer to confine thy language to the discourse of the faithful, but must swear, forsooth! Oh fie on it! I abhor such sinful ways, and reprobate thy manners, friend, as having some regard for thy soul. I therefore do advise thee in future to let thy light shine clearly, and to shew that delicacy and modesty peculiarly grace thy religious profession, friend."

The Quaker departed, abashed and confounded, but no sooner was honest Ami-

nadab gone, than a Sailor protested " that it was a shame to see so fine a vessel without convoy, and offered to take charge of it himself, free of all expence and pilotage: though," added he, smiling, " to judge by the black signals that she hung out, she might be considered as a lawful prize, and wanted nothing but a mate on board." He then made a short salute to her, entertained the nun with the boatswain's notice for all hands on deck, from a silver whistle which hung from a button of his blue jacket, and danced a hornpipe.

She was suddenly accosted by a person in the character of a Poet, who exclaimed, starting with admiration, which, had such acting been real, would have done no discredit to his judgment:

Angels were painted fair to look like you.

And then suddenly proceeded to Milton—

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every feature dignity and love.

" How pensive you seem, fair nun," said the Bard; " perhaps you are in love, and come from the cloister to find the object of your affections, resembling the fair maid whom the Bard of Avon has so exquisitely described.

——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek—

" Or, do you observe with Goldsmith,

That the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the wanton freaks of wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toil possessing sickens into pain;
And ev'n while Fashion's brightest arts employ,
The heart, distrusting, asks, if this be joy?

" Yes, lovely Emma, you sigh for the healthful sports which

" Grace the peaceful green"—" the busy mill,"
The distant church that tops the neighb'ring hill—
" The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelters thefts of harmless love:"

these objects are, I am confident, more pleasing to your gentle bosom."

After the manner of the improvisatori, he addressed these stanzas to her:

The world, it has been often said,
Sweet maid, I'll prove it true,
Is nothing but a masquerade,
Which cheats the shallow view.

The minister is mask'd I fear,
Who courtly bows and smiles;
But "hear him," and John Bull 'tis clear
He of his cash beguiles.

Thus learned, reverend, sage divines,
'Gainst Pharisees will preach;
But them, sad knaves, Ben Block defines,
And swears that they will peach.

While sons of Mars tremendous swear,
Tell you of hair-breadth 'scapes—
Trust not great oaths, sweet maid, beware
Of empty jackanapes.

When lawyers plead, they mean your good,
Declare that truth they speak;
Can those your friends be understood,
Who chiefly money seek?

While Galen's pupil stalks most grave,
Prescribes, and gives advice;
Say, friend, that you no money have,
He quits you in a trice.

Turks, Jews, and Quakers, City Swains,
Heroes and Clowns forsooth,
And many a Pallas without brains
Compose this motley groupe.

Tho' Vice may Virtue's vestment wear,
Cheat superficial sight—
Lo! in novitiate garment fair,
Truth Folly puts to flight.

Such characters as thine are blest,
Thy charms a goodly shew.
(Dread critics frown not—) mayst thou rest,
Etiam ex domino.

" Thou must be an exquisite Poet, blessed with such a peculiar and happy talent of flattery; but, prithee, be sparing of your jests. I shall content myself with observing, that to you the language of Waller to Charles the Second may be used, when a Poet of your description attempted to ex-

tenuate his panegyric on Cromwell. Accomplished, Sir, you succeed better in fiction."

"I consider myself more than repaid in a smile from the admirable Miss Tankerville," answered the humble attendant on the Muses.

Making a respectful bow, the tattered Poet then begged leave to put into her hands, with all due submission, some poetry.

"You will find," said he, selecting one from a parcel he had tied with a silk ribbon, "a love elegy addressed to a mistress. You already are informed that, since the fourteenth century, in which the fair Laura was mistress to the fond Petrarch, poets have ever had ladies who inspired their writings; and, that I may speak metaphorically, *stirred the fire* of their imaginations."

The elegy was accompanied with a card describing the place where he lodged. On it were the following couplets:

No man sure alive,
My ills could survive.
In a garret I live,
At my means pray connive;
For I never shall thrive,
Miss, while senses are five.

Emma, by the light of a lustre, read the following heroics:

An Ode by a half-famished Poet on his Mistress, who is remarkable for her sauce, and provides bucks on which wits may richly feast, and make trenchers, even wooden trenchers, servicable:

My charming Skimmer, pretty maid,
Dear warm bewitching beauty,
How shall one of the rhyming trade,
Expressive shew his duty?

More sweet than sound of jack's thy tongue,
Thy skin as soft as chicken,
Were I an apron round thee hung,
How exquisite the picking!

O cease, fair maid, to stir the fire,
Forbear, I'm burnt to tinder—
Thou thoughtst me 'chance dead to desire,
As dull as any cinder.

On me, half-starv'd, but deign to look,
I'm thin as thy thread-paper;
For sop in pan to court thee, cook,
What crime in one so taper?

E'en now, methinks, as here I stand,
I see the mutton roasting;
Zooks, could I such nice meat command,
Vain, transitory boasting.

'Tis done, how lovely red and white!
I'm vanquish'd, wretched sinner;
Grant me, ye gods, one glorious bite,
That bite shall be my dinner.

Hold! hold, my chops, break, break, my heart,
My grief, sure, is amazing;
How can I eat thy venom'd dart,
O love! thy fire so blazing?

Yet bones with thee I'd pick, thou cheat,
Blind, wanton, wretched bungler;
'Sdeath, must flames my marrow eat?
When lo, I die of hunger!

O were I tied to some tough steak,
Thy pigeons, love, had in a pie:
Or had thy heart for pity's sake,
Or else some fish to fry!

Queen of the kitchen—fire and tongs,
Shall famine me impede—
Shall he, to whom the Muse belongs,
Of roast beef stand in need?

Queen of the kitchen, on me smile,
O lead me to the larder—
Ye Frenchmen laugh, grow fat meanwhile,
My case, how strange, is harder.

Nice is the sirloin, nicer yet
Puddings, that Skimmer makes;
Nicer than sirloin is my Bet,
Or puddings made of steaks.

When unto vermicelli thou
Reduc'd, alack! shall be;
My grief shall flow, dear Betsy, how
Shall I hold tears for thee?

Now, if one cutlet be my treat,
Refresh'd, thy praise I'll sing:
The Nine, plague take them! have no meat,
No liquor, save their spring.

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So shalt thou be the earliest toast,
When 'chance I may carouse—
So shalt thou, Betsy, rule the roast,
By many envied spouse.

While our heroine was intent upon comparing life with the scene that was before her eyes, where it was evidently the employment of many to appear in false colours, and, like the ass of Cumæ, put on the lion's skin, roaring horribly; where chastity appeared decked with meretricious charms, and genius afforded criticism to folly, and busy characters entertainment to the sombre, sedate, and prudent dominos; where many of this motley groupe ere long shall be obliged to lay aside their masks, strip off their dominos, and appear in their proper characters. Then will Pallas no longer trip it in the airy maze, and but a mere mortal, instead of the lance, resume the needle; and she who has been employed in retailing sentimental morality will then sip tea, or lose money at dear picquet.

Then, too, will Diana* receive the gilt, wire-wove, and charming billet doux; and, so far from being scrupulously chaste, will metamorphose her dear spouse into a greasy animal that wears horns. Thus also, at a tristful period, will Momus† *weep* over his steward's accounts. Weightier inferences than these, arising from the busy scene that flitted before her, engrossed the attention of Emma, when a *Diable Boiteux* politely introduced himself.

* The Goddess of Chastity.

† Momus had the honour of being jester among the gods.

CHAPTER V.

Ah, pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes,
Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire!
What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,
"Struck the fair urns, and bade the waters rise."
Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies
With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng,
As some clear river winds its stream along,
Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.
Whilst love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
Stands like some bird, that after sultry heat
Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings;
Then grasps his bolt, and conscious of his power,
Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,
And thro' his lucid shower his livid lightning flings.

Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

"DEIGN, beautiful Nun, to behold a devil who summons resolution, notwithstanding the modesty and charms which guard your person, to address you. You behold in me Asmodeus." A plume of feathers added little to his height, which was characteristically diminutive; a crutch supported his steps, and he was habited as a Spaniard.

" My knowledge, fair lady, perhaps may be useful; it will tend probably to dissipate the *ennui* which intrudes into places of this kind, in defiance of all attempts to shut out the envious gnome from fashionable amusements.

" Already," he continued, " is an object worthy your notice passing before you. The gentleman in the character of a hairdresser is a politician, who assumes, from love of the chattering character, the habit of a personage who is generally communicative in the extreme when politics are on the tapis. This war has placed him in the situation of Razor; ' he is completely in the suds;' like him, too, he conjectures from the most trivial causes. The frowns of the Minister produce an electric shock, and nothing less than the success of our enemies can be pourtrayed by such ill omens. Turn your eyes, lovely fair one, to that handsome young man in a Turkish habit; he lately left his wife for the more agree-

able charms of the daughter of a celebrated female gamester, with whom he eloped. His protegé and himself have contrived to run out every shilling of his wife's fortune, who is at this moment suffering the acute pangs of mental malady, arising from neglect and ill usage, and is actually confined in a private madhouse.

"He who has chosen the habit of a watchman, is of that class of statesmen who were wittily called alarmists during the last administration. On the rattle which he carries you may read, painted in large and very distinguishable characters, 'HELVETIAN SLAVERY, COPENHAGEN MEETINGS;' and encircling his staff, is a label marked 'CONVENTION BILLS.' His watch-coat has these words, a 'REGICIDE PEACE;' as he ever sides with the ministry, who are determined to support the state against surprize, you will remark the initials A. A., importing that he belongs to A———'s Administration.

" And here, lovely Nun, suffer me to pass an eulogy, such as I can confer on the political character of Mr. S———n, who is at this moment followed by a Hebrew Money-lender, and who, like the rest of the fraternity, wishes to get a sight of his dear monish.

" Every man has two characters, which may differ in themselves; his public and his private. The ablest Minister the English nation possibly ever had at the head of affairs in the most critical times, was the very worst manager of his domestic concerns. In his public character this gentleman ably vindicated himself, in answer to a right honorable statesman, who is remarkable for his pointed speeches; he defied that witty and satirical senator to produce an instance of his having given up one pledge, deserted any connexion, or acted in an unfaithful manner to any of his friends. In the hour of peril and dismay, he has come forward and offered to assist government with his advice; and, disdaining to sacrifice his talents to party, has set a noble

example of patriotism before those who are the representatives of their countrymen, the defenders of their rights, the guardians of their safety, and promoters of their prosperity. At the mutiny of the Nore, the conduct he shewed has called forth a deserving eulogy from the Minister, for he never once enquired who the commander was, what were the principles of this or that party. The ship was in distress; a storm, which had been gathering for some time, was bursting on our devoted heads, and involving us in destruction. We were in danger of being wrecked on a hostile coast, where the enemies of order and established government would have shewed no pity, but have given encouragement to the disorderly, and those who might hope to profit by such scenes of confusion. All was dark and dismal; the cloud, heavy with mischief, hung over us, when that gentleman came forward, and acquired, by his disinterested conduct, the name of an independent patriot. It is an eulogy which

the page of history will establish; it will be, as the Minister observed, more lasting than any praise that he could bestow.

" When the murder of a late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland was reported in the British Parliament, this gentleman, whose political virtues are exemplary, evinced humanity, firmness of mind, and an unbiassed patriotism. Such conduct, if the times are so degenerate as writers represent, must be grateful to us who are lovers of the first country in the world.

" But here comes a noble personage.—No other than the P—— of *****; adorned with elegant manners, he is not deficient in the most exalted virtues. A noble instance of charity, fair stranger, stands upon record. The widow of an officer led a retired life in the company of two daughters, being her sole comfort, in Hampshire. She was one morning thus surprised by a visit from the *** ** **** as a private gentleman. " Madam, I have done myself the honour of calling on you, to which I

have been induced by the report of your excellent domestic economy. These lovely girls, I conclude, are young ladies who have been reported to me as your daughters. I am particularly fond of the piano—Shall I have the pleasure of hearing one of them play an air?" The eldest sat down and played a favourite piece of music.

"Faith, Madam, such rare talents ought not to languish in obscurity. My sister is in want of an attendant. I shall do myself (with your approbation) the pleasure of informing her that I have found such a treasure. In me you behold a sincere well-wisher and friend; and that, from the very great respect I owe to the memory of her deceased parent, who, pardon my bringing his loss to your mind, was, Madam, as brave an officer to my knowledge as ever adorned his Majesty's service. I dine at four o'clock, am a close neighbour, and shall expect to see you shortly at a family dinner."

"So saying, he took his leave of the daughters, most respectfully bowed to their

mother, and assured her that he would shortly call again, and mounting his horse rode home.

" Punctual to his promise, a few days afterwards, and attended by a single servant, he called on the good lady dressed in mourning. After conversing with her some time, he told her, " that she was placed on the pension list; that, in so doing, he had simply performed his duty, by rewarding the widow of a brave defender of his country. And, dear Madam," said the first gentleman in the land, " as your daughter will stand in need of a few necessaries, and as I should not be willing that she should expend money out of her own private purse, I beg, as a particular favour, that you will suffer her to accept of this trifling sum." And placing a bank note of one hundred pounds, folded so that the amount could not be seen, on the table, he wished the astonished mother and the young ladies, who burst into tears expressive of their gratitude, a good morning. But this

anecdote is only one amongst many, all equally distinguished for the generous and delicate manner in which this accomplished personage bestows his favours.

"Am I deceived?" said the conductor of our heroine, who was much pleased with his good sense and fund of anecdote, "if not, it is a mask which is familiar to me. The lady is a jeweller's wife; and while the good man her husband in the morning is trafficking with the Jews on Change, she, in the evenings, is spending the products of his merchandize, and her West India property, in routes, fêtes, and masquerades.

"Those two gentlemen, who have just passed, are noblemen. The one is the Duke of M——; and, if dexterity in rowing deserves a badge of honour, no waterman who rows to win a wherry from his brethren, sons of the Thames, is more deserving. He knows the depth and width of the river perfectly, is acquainted with every shoal and turn of the reaches, and is

as good a fresh water sailor as ever handled a sheet, or feathered a scull.

"The nobleman from whom I had the honor of a gracious salute, is, as you undoubtedly know, Miss Tankerville, his grace the Duke of N———; but possibly you have to learn that he is the patron of a distinguished actor. His grace is employed in the winter evenings, when our Roscius does not perform at Drury Lane, in listening to the native eloquence and masterly delineations of the human passions, as penned by the wise Shakespeare, an entertainment to the mind rational and instructive."

The friendly Asmodeus would have continued his remarks, had he not been summoned by a party, among whom were some ladies. For, although deformed in person, he still won the affections of many females by his superior mental qualities; and it must be acknowledged that he was a most entertaining and instructive companion:

indeed, he seemed to be endowed with knowledge similar to that of the spirit whose character he assumed that evening.

A crowd were assembled round a man in the character of a lottery office keeper, who was distributing ballads, which were written in the following stanzas:

Since lott'ries engross all the men of the town,
Tho' friendship may counsel, sour critics may frown,
In the lott'ry I'll venture, and if I do wrong,
The stake is but trifling, my friends, a mere song.

Of all men, who venture our poets to blame,
What, tho' he should seek for illustrious fame,
He'd surely be wrong, much gold had he sought,
For the firm of the Muses is scarce worth a groat.

The Mechanic, the Lawyer, the Merchant all try,
Some folks will buy good, reputations some buy.
But all is a chance, to-day Fortune smiles,
To-morrow she frowns, where end all her wiles!

The Courtier, who glitters in silk and brocade,
I am sure by his looks deep gaming's his trade;
At the levee he waits, while cooling his heel,
Bows, squeezes, and smiles, shew he's skill'd in the wheel.

The Stock-jobber games, now a bear, then a buck,
He who once was so gay, now limps a lame duck;
With cheats throngs the Alley, thus Mister Consol
Much talk'd of his monish, but meant tol-de-rol.

The Lover, I am certain, games all the while,
He depends on an ogle, lives on a smile;
Secure, pray, the ars'nic, remove all the ropes,
His mistress chance frowns, how forlorn are his hopes!

And Members of Parliament tickets will buy,
If 'tis but to vote for a nation's supply.
The game is afloat; come all take a frisk;
Each miss, and each master, must love to be brisk.

The Gamester a fortune at Brooks's would win;
The Miser by trying his favorite sin:
What a fool must he be, each ill has its cure,
He freely should spend, why don't he insure?

The Old Maid of fifty, a sixteenth would share,
How bless'd, could she bring her scheme but to bear.
Cheer up, my old lady, the men are not nice,
Shrewd Walpole affirm'd each man had his price.

Our Sailors and Soldiers their chances have sought,
And obtain'd, happy men, the goods that they ought,
Their country's applause—be they ever carest!
May the shades of our heroes in happiness rest.

All prizes, no blanks—the scheme is so good,
It needs but be whisper'd, to be understood.
Our country is threaten'd, we'll beat back our foes;
Fortune favours the brave, the coward o'erthrows.

The good man, who never reluctantly buys,
Must win, for fair Charity gives him the prize;
Make a trial, my friends, in this scheme 'tis confest,
Tho' puff's little profit, the ventures are blest.

Should sellers their consciences venture to sell,
I know where they'll go to, most likely to h——.
Of this you are certain, each knave, stead of hope,
Should have, what he very well merits, a rope.

Should you, my dear friends, in a lott'ry insure,
May you find Goodluck safe, and Hazard most sure!
If it suits, you'll chances then share with a wife,
Then may wealth banish grief, and harmony strife!

The honorable Mr. Peilet and Doctor Dash were amusing themselves with some ladies of haut ton, young fashionables, who

set censure at defiance, by boldly plunging into every species of dissipation, viz. drive curricles, ride in Hyde Park regularly on the Sabbath day, for the purpose of being gazed at by the commonalty and astonished tradesmen, who live in the vulgar part of the town; keep their hunters; give card parties, routes and masquerades; hurry to watering places at the decline of summer, where they amuse themselves with sailing, racing, and attending auctions, &c. &c.

Mrs. Maitland was engaged with an intimate friend in close conversation, when, to complete Emma's misfortune, a mask, habited as a corpulent Prior, approached, and gazing on her lovely person with eagerness, grasped her hand, and carrying it to his mouth, imprinted a kiss, declaring, that he should esteem it a miracle of good fortune, and leading to the greatest happiness, were he permitted to be her confessor.

"Charming daughter," he added, "suffer me to declare the more than paternal af-

fection I feel for you. Your penance for sins committed shall be very slight, and I absolve you, by the power of the church, from all indiscretions; let me then do homage to the cross which encircles that beauteous spot where the graces and the loves reside."

Terrified at his language, and more so at his behaviour, Emma in vain cast her eyes round the saloon for her friends, when a character, masqued as a Spanish Chevalier, came to her assistance, exclaiming, in a voice manly and gentlemanly——

"When the virtues, sweet daughter of our holy church, is insulted, who shall protect such suffering innocence, if the Castilian is forgetful of true piety, and neglects the dictates of courage? And thou, (addressing himself to the mask) whose garb is but a cloak, I fear thy religion lays no deeper than thy exterior, and thou art, to my apprehension, some ravening wolf in sheep's cloathing; as such thou wilt come

under my severe chastisement, if this lady has cause to complain of impertinent addresses from a man who can offend the modesty of a female, and violate the laws of hospitality. This lady, Sir, who ever you are," raising his voice, " I consider as under my protection, and the least insolence which the lawless libertine may offer to her, shall not go unpunished: force me not, I beg of you, Sir, to adopt such methods."

" What insolence!" exclaimed the mask, " it is thus I shew you how little I regard your threats: and I advise you as a friend, valorous Don Diego, to secure your retreat. This lady is refractory, and wants some salutary counsel," attempting at the same instant to ravish a kiss from the beauteous lips of the affrighted Emma.

The Castilian seized the mortified Prior, and threw him with great violence from the fair Nun. The son of the church assumed a boxing attitude, when, after a very short

contest, in which the gallant stranger displayed much English science in pugilism, the Prior fairly gave in, measuring the floor with his length.

And now the friends of each party had arrived on the place of combat, when a young gentleman, whose name was Dauncy, and who was the intimate friend of the Spaniard, dressed in a pink domino fringed with silver, joined the assailants, and interposing, saved the fallen assailant from further chastisement, saying, "Prithee, Harry, leave the mortified Baronet to the compunctions of his self-accusing conscience."

Sir Richard Oliver, for that was the name of the Baronet, was no sooner able to rise from the ground, than he gave his card, and declared he should find some opportunity of returning so gross an affront.

Poor Emma stood breathless with terror during the dispute, and felt little relief when Sir Richard Oliver left the party who had collected together, when they begged

the favor of knowing to whom they were indebted for such signal kindness ?

" My name," the mask replied, " is Sir Henry Moreton, I am dignified with the title of Baronet ; at present I am disengaged, and am seeking for some fair partner in life, but, alas! in this parterre of roses, how few are those which afford any pleasure to my eyes. Until now, I had bidden defiance to Fortune, and the attempts of that blind boy, who, I find, makes even philosophers, and people of all habits, and all nations, own his power. May I be permitted, ladies, (gracefully bowing) to pay my respects to you to-morrow morning, when I shall not fail making my inquiries respecting your health. It is you, (he added) lovely stranger, (particularly addressing himself to Emma, and resuming his character) it is you who have fixed the heart of your devoted Knight, and a proud Castilian is in one moment your devoted and humble slave."

He then shewed his love in a more expressive language. The eyes are said to be indexes of the soul; and I believe that they interpret love's purposes more briefly and more successfully often, than even impassioned oratory and elaborate periods.

The sage Lavater has ventured to decide on the merits of individuals by the most prominent lines of their faces. As for me, I can assure my readers, that I never had the honor of an interview with the Philosopher of Zurich; nor was my physiognomy from any particular request submitted to his profound inspection. Moreover, I shall at present leave the reader in ignorance, whether my nose is long, or my chin round, or if my eyes speak distrust, anger, joy, hope, or any passion, they will excuse the omission of my portrait, from which they might be enabled to draw conclusions. Nor do I choose to be judged ill-natured, splenetic, or ugly, because I have a particulat cast on my countenance.

No! no! Mr. Philosopher, you shall not pass sentence of condemnation on me because I have a particular eyebrow or extraordinary chin. You may decide, with due permission, on the merits of a dead author, whose character has been already published; but your oracles, respecting the living, are, in my humble opinion, too dubious to be relied upon. I am as God formed me.

The reader will pardon this impertinent digression.

Sir Henry Moreton was a handsome young man; his eyes were peculiarly expressive; and whenever he discoursed on any useful or virtuous topic, it was easy for an observer to form conjectures of the most favorable kind. He was good natured, brave, and not selfishly prudent. His black hair and dark eyebrows formed an agreeable contrast with the complexion of his face and regular and enamelled teeth; and when he smiled, few females could refuse the tribute of admiration to a countenance

so interestingly elegant. His manners were prepossessing, and he enjoyed an independent fortune. Young Moreton was really an enviable man.

The parties now took their leave of each other, inviting the friendly stranger to Portland-street to breakfast the next morning; they then quitted the rooms.

During their ride home, Emma Tankerville spoke highly of Sir Henry Moreton's conduct, and Mrs. Maitland joined in the panegyric. Already had that penetrating lady discovered that her niece was deeply in love.

CHAPTER VI.

A CHALLENGE.—A GOOD SERVANT ALWAYS LOVES HIS MASTER, AND TAKES A PART IN HIS CONCERNS.—QUARRELS OFTEN HAPPEN IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES.—A FEMALE THE CAUSE OF WAR BEFORE HELEN LIVED.

SIR Henry and his friend Dauncy were supping together, when a note was brought to the former, desiring an immediate answer. After toasting the health of Emma Tankerville, the loveliest woman of the creation, in a bumper of champagne, he opened the note, and read aloud as follows:

"*To Sir Henry Moreton.*"

"Sir Richard Oliver presents his compliments to Sir Henry Moreton, and doubts not but he will justify his claim to that satisfaction which his injured honour de-

mands. Sir R. O. solicits the honour of Sir H. M's. presence in Hyde Park precisely at the hour of five to-morrow morning, where it is requested Sir H. M. will appear duly attended."

Thursday evening, 11 *o'clock.*

"So thus," cried Moreton, "my expectations are fulfilled; and I must not only chastise the Baronet, but take his life, or, branded as a coward, be liable to his further insult. Such are the imperious laws of modern honour. Dauncy, can you prevail on yourself to attend me?"

His friend would have dissuaded him, but knowing the disposition of Moreton, who, with all his good qualities, had some tinge of pride, he was compelled to be silent. The letter he wrote ran thus:

"Lovely Miss Tankerville,"

"To say that I admire you is a phrase too cold to express the sensations I feel for

you. I love you to distraction, love rages through all my veins. Yet, and this solely embitters my thoughts, ere a few hours shall have elapsed, I may not be able to converse with you, to think on you when absent, to tell you the affection I entertain for you. Heaven forgive my murmuring! I go with the intention of meeting Sir Richard Oliver. My life in your cause will not be thrown away. Should fatal necessity prevail, I intend embarking for the Continent. My destination will be Vienna. Do me then the favour to accept my picture, it will bring me perhaps to remembrance, when I am far from you. Ah, Miss Tankerville, there I am already vulnerable, to be parted from one whom I love. May I presume to cherish a hope, that you will place me sometimes in your thoughts.

" I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance my friend Dauncy. A more approved gentleman, or worthier man, does

not exist. Bear me in your recollection: I carry a sweet remembrance, which neither time, nor absence, nor misfortune, can erase. Sweet are the impressions which affection has engraven on the tablet of my heart. They will remain fixed. May your happiness be improved by health, and every possible circumstance.

Thy fond, most sincere, and ever devoted admirer,

HENRY MORETON."

Grosvenor Square, Thursday evening.

He likewise wrote an answer to Sir Richard Oliver, conforming to his wish. Having made his will, in which he left the greatest part of his fortune to Miss Tankerville, excepting a handsome legacy to Dauncy, and having written a letter to the Earl of Sunderland, he expressed his intention of retiring as early to bed as possible, waving all unnecessary ceremony with his bosom friend.

Dauncy shook hands with him, and promised to meet him early in the morning.

"You will deliver this letter to Miss Tankerville," observed Moreton. "My good friend, you must bring some eminent surgeon with you, to accompany us to the ground."

"Would it were possible," replied Dauncy, "to prevent this misfortune:" the grief which arose in a manly but sensible bosom, stopped his speech, and he energetically grasped his friend's hand, as he took of him an affectionate leave.

Gentle reader, will you please to descend into the kitchen, and learn what was passing among the domestics.

The butler was reading to the cook, who sat dozing in her elbow-chair, tired after the fatigues of preparing dinner, while Nanny, the chambermaid, to whom honest John had shewn testimonies of ardent affection, was working a border to her cap; when, having snuffed the candle, and de-

manded attention, clearing his voice with three successive hems, John read as follows: "Extract of a letter from Brussels.—We expect shortly Monsieur *Burnaparty*, the first *Consol*, (plague take the usperer!) from thence he will visit *Mass-tride*, *Lige*, Ax *la Chapel*, and the banks of the *Rind*. Yesterday a duel was fought between Mr. M——— and Capt. L——— of the navy.—What fools!" exclaimed John, putting the newspaper on the table; "what fools! to fight duels, when, if they had ventured their lives in the *sarvice* of—"

"Go on," said Nanny, "dear John."

John took up the newspaper and read again.

"Yesterday a duel was fought between Mr. M——— and Capt. L——— of the navy, concerning a lady."

"Greater fools than I first thought them," said John; "for my part, I would never fight about a female, who changes her mind as often as the weathercock points different ways."

"Ah, John," said Nanny, smartly, "you forget the time when you and *Tummas*, our coachman, had stripped to fight about me, because I know who was jealous. Don't you recollect, John, when I came between you, and parted you; and yet it was a duced hard matter to make you put your clothes on and sit quiet, John, you know it was; and who, pray, was the fool then? Don't I recollect, Tummas telling you that your forks were so dirty, that a man might ride to Rumford on them, and that you was always the fiddle of the company?"

"No matter of that," said John; "why don't they fight with fistes? a bloody nose, or a blow in the bread-basket, is all they would get then; but here, dang it, Nanny, the very thoughts of it makes one's blood run cold: gemmen, who ought to know better, as having larning, will fight with barking irons or cold steel. Curse those barking irons, I cannot bear them; they

suit thieves or pirates, but gemmen to fight with barking irons, as they do, Nanny, is heathenish."

Here the bell rang, and John was desired to get his master's pistols ready. He obeyed, muttering something respecting his detestation of duels. Moreton, to mislead him, told him he was going on a journey, and he wanted his pistols ready on such occasion early in the morning. Had John known the real intention, he would not have obeyed his master, for he loved him faithfully, and was one of the best of characters, a good and honest servant.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FRUITERER AND A NOBLEMAN OF GREAT FASHION.

AT a very early hour Sir Henry Moreton, with the afflicted and much-to-be-pitied Dauncy, accompanied by a surgeon, went to the Park, where they met Sir Richard Oliver, his second, and a medical man. The ground was measured; when Sir Richard, claiming the first fire, had nearly terminated the adventures of Sir Henry Moreton; for with his death this most entertaining history must have ceased, since it is not in the power of any writer to bring the dead to life, however bold in other respects his style may be.

The ball discharged from Sir Richard Oliver's pistol grazed the coat of his anta-

gonist, who was content to fire in the air, and then asked him if he was not convinced that he had acted in an improper and unbecoming manner. Sir Richard Oliver desired him to keep his ground, and firing his second pistol near the worthy Baronet, that gentleman, seeing no alternative, shot the contents of his pistol not into the air a second time, but wounded Sir Richard Oliver dreadfully, and in such manner as to cause great effusion of blood; who, falling, cursed his unlucky stars, which prevented him from taking ample revenge.

Leaving him to the care of his friend and the surgeon, after ineffectual attempts at some reconciliation, recommending Emma again and again to Dauncy, accompanied by a faithful valet, he departed in a post-chaise for a sea-port with all possible expedition, where he took his departure for Vienna, which place he reached, having had a journey uninterrupted by further difficulties. We shall leave him there at

present; melancholy, on account of his absence from the object of his affections, Emma Tankerville, and the fatal affair which had caused him to leave his native country; although this sorrow was allayed by recollecting that it was in protecting innocence from the assult of libertinism, that the dispute originated.

His antagonist was carried home, and in a public print on Saturday the duel was thus described:

"Yesterday morning, at an early hour, a meeting took place between two Baronets of distinguished notoriety and fashion. The origin of the dispute was a lady, who had all the reserve as well as the habit of a nunnery. Sir R—— O——, who has never submitted to any insult without resenting it, acted on this occasion, as on all others, like a man of courage, determined that the assumed clemency of his opponent should not shelter his cowardice. The base assassin, Sir H—— M——, who

wounded him, has embarked for the Continent. Sir R—— O—— is dreadfully wounded in the groin. He is confined to his chamber, but we hope, to the great satisfaction of his numerous friends and most respectable acquaintance, that he will shortly be able to go abroad. The seconds were Mr. D—— and Sir T—— W——. This is another instance of duelling depriving society of a valuable member; his loss must be sensibly felt, as the Imperial Parliament is now sitting."

It is almost needless to observe, that this paragraph was sent to the editor of the newspaper by the MORAL Baronet himself, who was the first to blame duelling, although he had been the aggressor; but do not others do so? Too many are obnoxious to this reproof I am afraid, and *ainsi va le monde*, or in plain English, *it is the way of the world.*

The Baronet, the doughty antagonist of Sir Henry Moreton, had absolutely felt ho-

nours thrust upon him by this rencounter; and though a plain and very different statement of facts was recorded in the other papers, yet the circle of his acquaintance, owing to this cause, was enlarged.

It was true, he limped from the wound; but to compensate in some measure for this disaster, Doctor Cynic became his friend, bowed to him when they accidentally met in Bond-street, and noticed him with a marked distortion of his countenance. The Duke of Compass always saluted him, and Mr. Clog-the-wheel, member of Parliament for the very ancient borough of Grumbleton, became his friend; not to mention the kindness of the Marquis of Frippery, he was a welcome guest at the Dutchess of Loo's, and the honourable Mrs. Faro wrote the name of Sir Richard Oliver among those of her regular visitants.

Poor Emma received the letter and present accompanying it, from the hands of Dauncy; but when she heard an account

of the duel, and all its circumstances, she fell back into the arms of her aunt; who herself wanted support. It was fortunate that Dauncy and her cousin, the honorable Mr. Pellet, were present. Essence of salts and assiduous assistance at length restored her to her much hated existence, since she considered herself the cause of her beloved Henry's exile.

How her indignation boiled, when, reading the newspaper, she discovered the misstatement of facts! The silver tea-pot trembled in her hand, and it was with great difficulty that she could pour out the tea.

"May I never win a hazard at billiards, may my favourite horse Potatoes lose the Oatlands, if I am not heartily glad that Sir Henry Moreton," exclaimed the noble Senator, "has winged that rum jockey, Sir Richard Oliver. He is the lily; I protest I never was so glad of any thing, send me into a breach if I was, except at pocketing the red ball once, which won me the game,

when playing with the Frenchman in the subscription room at Brighton last summer. Doctor Dash, you recollect the game, don't you?"

The Doctor bowed.

"The game stood, if you remember, fifteen to ten, odds in favour of Monsieur three and four to one, when I made a cannon, got the white hazard, and, following up my advantage, brought all the bets on my side. It was glorious; it was the lily, was it not? I believe that you won sufficient Spanish to pay your summer expences, most Reverend."

The Doctor endeavoured to blush, and protested that his liberality of spirit had hindered him from getting preferred in the church: though he observed others mounting the ladder, it was his lot as yet to wait at the bottom.

Some few days after, the duel was thus canvassed at Mr. Candy's, the fruiterer, in Bond-street.

Mr. Candy to my Lord Lassitude eating an ice.

"What a dreadful affair! my Lord; it is really shocking to conjecture! The old Earl for certain must be quite stupefounded, my Lord. Sir Henry Moreton was here but two days before eating some fruit in my shop. He wounded Sir Richard Oliver horribly, I hear."

Lord Lassitude. "Sir Henry Moreton is a fine fellow, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Will your Lordship eat some strawberries this morning, my Lord? They are prodigiously fine. They are only half-a-guinea a pottle, my Lord."

Lord Lassitude. "Yes, Mr. Candy, provided—curse these long English words—you can pronounce them good."

Mr. Candy. "My Lord, shall I send you—I beg pardon for troubling you, (smiling) shall I pack you up in a case some very nice preserves? Here are some delicious strawberries to add to your dessert! Will

you permit me to send them you, my Lord? John, take this fruit to St. James's-square, and, John, pray be particularly careful of it."

Mr. Candy, who never walked, unless in the garden which belonged to his country-house, where he went every Sunday, afforded great pleasure to Lord Lassitude, as he managed his unwieldy bulk round the counter.

Lord Lassitude. "Give me an ice, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Yes, my Lord. It is remarkably well frozen to-day. What do they say in your house of the French, my Lord? We want the Duke of York to take another Voloncienes. Pray, Madam, be careful: that fruit will not bear handling. Sir John, I must entreat of you to consider the bloom—Ah do, Sir John, forbear. Such is their bloom, that it soon perishes. One loses more money by fingering, Ma'am, than enough. Some ice for the gentleman, John. Your money, you little rascal.

Well, my Lord, what are the French—Oh! has the bill passed the house, can your Lordship inform me?"

My Lord Lassitude. "I have not been there these two months, on my word, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "O then I am very certain you have not; for no one has ever had reason yet to doubt the word of your Lordship."

Lord Lassitude. "This pine should have been kept longer. It is improveable, Candy."

Mr. Candy. "Do try this, my Lord, you will find it more fitter, take my word for it. Did you want any strawberry ice, Madam? Is your horse entered for the cup, my Lord? Are there any more favourites?"

Lord Lassitude. "I have not enquired of Steelyard; he makes my betts for me. Reach me the racing calendar, Candy." (*Mr. Candy moves and gives the racing calendar to my Lord Lassitude*). "Here, my

Lord. Will you be pleased to be seated, ladies and gentlemen? John, two glasses of ice water. The ice will be here directly, Sir, *(smiling)*. Patience, Socrates said, was a virtue, young gentleman. You learnt that at Eton, of Dr. Goodall."

Mr. Candy. "We should send some troops to Egypt, before the rain comes on in that part of the world."

A Stranger. "The Nile, Mr. Candy, fertilizes the land, and the Natives have no rain."

Another Gentleman. "What have I to pay?"

Mr. Candy. "Nine shillings; one basket of cherries you had."

The Gentleman (astonished). "What do you call them?"

Mr. Candy. "Dukes, Sir."

"Dukes! Emperors you mean."

Mr. Candy, laughing, takes up the money. "I wish you a good day, Sir,—we shall have some more emperors to-morrow.

Ah ! ah, ah ! oh, oh ! A stingy queer gentleman that, a very odd sort of man ! My Lord Lassitude, I am very much obliged to you. I will take care and send you some of my finest peaches."

Lord Lassitude. " Your servant, Candy."

Mr. Candy. " Good morning to your Lordship. John, make out Lord Lassitude's bill ; his taylor was dismissed without being paid the other day."

CHAPTER VIII.

Non aure estive, o rivi tolti a lunge
Noi nutrit 'anno, ma sospir d'amore
L'aure son sute, e pianti d'Amor l'acque.

Nor summer gales nor art—conducted showers
Have nurs'd our slender forms; but lover's sighs
Have been our gales, and lover's tears our dews.
Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

NOT many days after Emma had fallen into such low spirits, that the prudent Mrs. Maitland thought it expedient to consult her physician. Sage-tea, balm, sago, port-wine, an admirable recipe for raising the spirits, and all Dr. B—h—n's maxims, had been tried to no purpose. This beauteous flower was declining, when the Doctor advised her to make the experiment of a change of air, and thought it right that she should retire into the country. Mrs. Maitland considered his advice as judicious, and the next morning quitted town for an

estate, which her niece possessed in the west of England, and which required somebody to look after it.

It was here that Emma gained the love and respect of the poor, by clothing their half-naked children, and administering to their wants. She seemed an angel sent down from brighter regions to poor and infirm mortals. The blessings of the aged attended her, the widow spoke her praise in the most exulting strains of native eloquence, the poor idolized her, and the little children gambolled before her, and lisped the name of the good lady Emmy, who was so kind to them—this was, in reality, the luxury of doing good.

She filled many vacant hours in the cultivation of those talents which nature had entrusted to her care. Often would Mrs. Maitland surprise her in tears, with the picture of her deliverer in her hand, pressing the lips (as if those lips could feel) to her lips, or else reading the letter, which

had been sent to her before the fatal period which bore him away from England, and from her embrace; for love is not a harsh critic—love can pass over many faults; and those words which seem worthy of censure to others, are to the lover's indulgent and fond mistress delicious beauties.

Flowers delighted her elegant imagination; to behold and contemplate how man was provided for, and how his happiness and sensation were consulted, were to her a source of unspeakable pleasure. She would admire the vivid colours of the fragrant geranium, the green myrtle, the blushing rose, the stately sun-flower, and variegated carnation. She watered the plants with her own hands; and in the shaded arbour, where eglantine and jessamine, winding honey-suckles, and various fruit-trees, excluded the searching rays of the sun, she enjoyed the luxury of shedding tears for her Henry. It was the summer season of the year; the birds warbled their

lively notes, and, at a distance, in the neighbouring park, the dapple deer were feeding, or climbing the upland slope—while flocks of sheep and herds of mottled cows filled the umbrageous landscape.

As she traced back past events, she recollected the time of the year when wayward destiny had dated her sorrows. She sighed, and sat down to put her thoughts into the form of verse, and penned the following stanzas:—

Now lovely flowers grace the field,
And earth, and sky, new prospects yield,
And gentle Zephyr scents the air:
'Tis then that Fashion waves her hand,
Around her move the giddy band,
And oft is wisdom fetter'd there!

When clusters grace the green clad tree,
The lily, crocus, primrose, see,
How empty is the beauty's pride!
No passion makes these colours fly,
Nor does the youthful rose-bud die;
They toil not, care not what betide.

In richer robes the violet see
Array'd, than eastern majesty;
This pleasing gem what charms adorn!
So charms the maid who lives in fear:
Such blossoms who would rudely tear,
In time beware the goading thorn.

May I the treach'rous cup refrain,
Shun pleasure purchased with pain,
Nor sweet enchantment lull my sense;
Reject the cup of vice, afraid,
Nor may I love the masquerade,
But woo thee, lovely Innocence.

Vain joys Intemperance bestows,
Wither'd, alas! the crimson rose
Now sickly droops upon the bed:
Its roseate hue, its bloomy flush
Are pallid leaves, and the stripp'd bush
With thorns, the sharpest thorns are spread!

Yet, ah! if chintzes, cyprian dew,
And painted scenes sole glad the view;
If these can please, misguided fair,
Then flowers in vain adorn the field,
And earth, and sky, new prospects yield;
In vain then Zephyr scents the air.

One day, as she was walking in the garden about the hour of dinner-time, she was surprised by two ruffians, who carried her in their arms over the garden pales into a chaise and four, in which she found Sir Richard Oliver, who told her "that she was by good fortune his prize, however dearly she had cost him," and bade the drivers put forward on pain of his utmost displeasure. The unworthy ravisher proceeded to take unwarrantable liberties with her. Emma argued with him on the cruelty of his actions, and how bitterly he would lament his conduct hereafter. She conjured him to pity a supplicating orphan.

The post-chaise overtook a man in a cart coming from a market town, accompanied by his wife. Emma screamed for assistance. The man would have interfered; but the carriage passed with increased velocity, while Sir Richard Oliver held a pistol from the window of the chaise in a menacing po-

sition. Again was Emma in her ravisher's power, when the travellers passed a troop of soldiers.

Unfortunately, Sir Richard Oliver was acquainted with one of the officers who rode by the side of his company. "Jack," said the Baronet, with the countenance of the arch deceiver, "how are you? This is an unexpected pleasure, seeing you. I have got a young lady here, whom I have stolen from Berner's street—You know Gamble; he keeps her."

"Believe him not, Sir," said Emma. "I beg of you, good gentlemen, not to pay any credit to his words."

It was to no purpose that Miss Tankerville expostulated with the villainous Sir Richard Oliver, who succeeded in quieting the suspicions of the officer, and ordered the postilion to make all possible expedition.

Emma's aunt missed her immediately, for she was extremely punctual in every

thing; and I leave the reader to imagine her grief and surprise. By the fragment of her gown, she conjectured that violence had been offered her. She immediately dispatched a note to Dauncy, who was on a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

Dauncy, on learning the intelligence of Miss Tankerville being carried off, gave orders that his horses might be got ready; and taking a trusty servant of his own, and another of Mrs. Maitland's, he travelled with the utmost speed towards Sir Richard Oliver's mansion. They had already fatigued the spirited horses, and the poor animals were on the point of sinking under their burthens, when, on ascending a hill, they discovered a chaise and four overturned, and one of the leaders, as well as one of the wheel horses, fallen on the ground, and the drivers assisting each other to disentangle the animals from their incumbrances. They now spurred on their horses; when Dauncy, bidding the postilions stand

still on the peril of their lives, rescued Emma from the Baronet, and then bestowing the discipline of a postilion's horsewhip; telling him, that "even such a wicked man as Sir Richard had proved himself, must be convinced that Providence never deserted the virtuous and suffering female." Then taking Emma under his protection, he carried her to a neighbouring inn, and, after permitting her to collect her scattered senses, conducted her safe to Tiverton, where her estate was, and the house which Mrs. Maitland at present inhabited.

Notwithstanding this fortunate rescue, Emma felt so much from the rude assault of Sir Richard Oliver, that a fever attacked her, and a delirium was the consequence. Madness now raged through her frame, and established its horrible and sad reign. She called repeatedly on the name of Moreton, and no discourse but that of her beloved Henry was soothing or pleasing to her distempered reason. Yet there was

some method in her madness—it was perceivable that love was the cause of her malady. Her physician, a most humane, candid, benevolent, and intelligent man, used the gentlest methods for her recovery, and disclosed to the good lady, the aunt of the lovely Emma Tankerville, his undisguised sentiments.

In her lucid intervals, she would amuse herself with drawing the fatal masquerade in Berkley-square. There was the Castilian, in the very dress in which he was habited, redressing the insult she had sustained; the surrounding groupe of figures applauding his conduct, and condemning the vanquished and humiliated Sir Richard Oliver. Besides the pencil filling up hours of wretchedness, her taste for poetry was not unamusing to her. She composed one day the following stanzas:

Source of my grief, yet frequent joy,
Who all my pensive thoughts employ,

On me thy execrations pour,
Who made thee leave thy native shore.
Yet must thou, much-lov'd despot, reign,
And shall I, Henry, bear thy chain!

Whence springs this quick-consuming fire,
From gratitude or fond desire?
Ah, love! why force me to explain?
Of Henry's absence I complain!
Ah, could'st thou o'er my passion reign!
From thee alone I'll bear the chain.

The pink, enamell'd, seeks support,
And tender vines espaliers court;
No force or danger should I fear,
Wert thou, my guardian angel, near!
Lov'd of my soul, complete thy reign!
I'll gladly bear thy marriage chain.

Ah, should'st thou fickle, Henry, prove,
Return unkind, forbid it, love!
Forbid it, hope! for know, fond boy,
Thou dost my pensive thoughts employ.
I'm sick for thee!—complete thy reign;
Come! come!—I'll bear thy marriage chain.

Returning health invigorated her enfeebled frame; but it was very visible that

melancholy still preyed on the fair Emma, who, even in her smiles, shewed that her heart was ill at ease.

The excellent physician who attended her recommended a change of air, and advised travelling as a better succedaneum than any medicine he could give.

"If you wish, dear Madam," said this benevolent man to Mrs. Maitland, "our amiable charge to be restored to her health effectually, a remedy beyond the power of medicine must heal the canker which feeds upon the diminished roses of her cheek—a canker which threatens to bring her to an early grave, and destroy those fond hopes which you have formed. Be it far from my profession to flatter where it may be prejudicial. I must not be deterred by any consideration from speaking my sentiments. The good young lady is suffering under a passion for a man of considerable worth and talents. Be it your business (and I am confident, Madam, your good

sense will suggest the expediency of my proposal) to give her your assistance. Sir Henry Moreton is in Vienna at present. As she is to travel, a change of objects, and the place which holds what is dear to her, will be the most prudent steps you can take."

Mrs. Maitland agreed with the good Doctor, and, knowing that she had some particular friends residing at Vienna, determined to intimate her resolution of departing for that city, accompanied by Emma.

"My dear," said Mrs. Maitland, "I have a proposal to make. The physician thinks travelling will be of great service to you. Your happiness and health, my dear girl, are my first concern, the object nearest my heart. I know, my love, some tender affection embitters your present happiness, with the cause of which I am equally well acquainted. Is not Sir Henry Moreton the favoured lover; the man whose hand you would not refuse? Come, Emma, my

dear, be explicit. You blush, and I believe you will do me the justice to say, that I have not less penetration than the generality of my sex? What say you to my plan?—We intend shortly visiting Vienna, seeing the curiosities and productions of the country, and, above all, getting an insight into the customs, laws, and habits of the people. I have also considered and weighed in my mind that Sir Henry Moreton is there at present. Whether he has sufficient influence to attract, and the journey is agreeable to you, you only can decide; but unless I am much deceived, an opinion formed in his favour is not erroneous. I certainly, Emma, shall not oppose your wishes; but, acting as a faithful guardian of your right, shall give to that young gentleman my unqualified suffrage. Come, child, I will venture to pronounce, from your downcast and bashful looks, that I am not wrong."

"My dear aunt," said Emma, while a

rising blush overspread her countenance and gave her new beauties, " your judgment is almost infallible. I confess that I love Sir Henry Moreton—it is not merely from his conduct, and the service he did me at the masquerade, but the character of his virtues has augmented an attachment which I feel for him. I have not acquired the art of disguising my sentiments.—Indeed," and the lovely Emma deeply sighed, " though left an orphan in my early years, I have felt that loss, great and afflicting as it was, diminished by your kindness. O, my dear protectress, my amiable friend, may I ever continue to shew myself sensible of your maternal kindness! Your commands, your wishes, shall direct me, and I shall endeavour to anticipate them as far as possible."

CHAPTER IX.

A MORNING OCCUPATION.—HUMANITY IS NOT UNBECOMING FEMALE BEAUTY OR FASHION—A SCENE OF DISTRESS, WHICH IS HUMBLY RECOMMENDED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE OPULENT FOR THEIR PERUSAL.

PREVIOUS to her departure for the Continent, Emma one morning was employed in purchasing necessary articles, or, in the language of the metropolis, shopping; a custom which needs explanation, in order to make it intelligible to fair residents in the country.

Shopping, then, is an amusement in which many fashionable females, wives and daughters, are daily occupied in the forenoon, to the great profit of the civil tradesman, who employs, behind his counter, powdered

jessamies, who take the bread from the mouths of the indigent female; measuring out linen when they should be handling a musquet; and cutting ribands, and selling lavender, when they should be adding to the British flag, fresh trophies on the seas, increasing our security at home, and our national glory, instead of being tools for the luxurious.

Her attention was arrested by a bustle in the street. A remarkable handsome and genteel young man, whose appearance was prepossessing, as well as afflicting, on account of his visible misfortune, was arrested by two bailiffs, who had just familiarly tapped him on the shoulder, as he was endeavouring to elude their salute.

So does Grimalkin, insatiate as the grave, wily as the Egyptian crocodile, rush on her helpless prey, whom she has espied from afar, capering and gambolling, enjoying thoughts of home and tender family. Alas! he no more will nibble old Cheshire or rich

Stilton, or wet his whiskers in excellent hash, or frisk his tail in the crouded pantry. She taps him gently with her claws, but so as to make him feel her power. He is already under the grasp and in the clutch of a sanguinary and stern foe, more implacable than Pelides, more sanguinary than he who fed his horses with human gore.

Thus fared it with this young gentleman. Fruitless were his attempts to go home to his wife and children. He offered the small sum of five shillings, all the money he had, to be allowed the sad indulgence of taking a farewell of those unhappy sufferers.

One of the fellows, in a sneering manner, told him that the money was too little, laughed in his face, and said that he was his prisoner, and that the law must have its course.

"It won't do, Master; five shillings now a-days goes little towards house-keeping—a crown will barely drive the wolf from the

door; however, such gemmen as you should be better treated, and I am main sorry; but times, you must know to be sure, are main ticklish."

Emma, who had a heart feelingly alive to the distress of every fellow-creature, a hand as liberal as the fruitful stream, cannot be imagined to have viewed this scene with callous apathy, or the indifference of some pretty females, whom fashion will not permit to perform the vulgar duties of charity.

"I know not," observed she, "whether the law sanctions deeds of cruelty and treachery; but of this I am confident, gentlemen, nothing ought to prevent us from ministering to the unfortunate. I perceive that you are going to enforce the power which the law gives you on that unhappy young man; I will be bail for your prisoner—will you take the bail of Miss Tankerville, friend?"

If, to command greater respect from one's

banker, it be necessary to be well dressed, by a parity of reasoning, an equipage must produce obsequious deference from the avaricious slaves of justice, who may be reasonably said too frequently, I am afraid, to deserve the name of necessary evils.

" Why as to the matter of that," answered the better looking of the two, though a regard to truth compels me to say that both of them wore the appearance of felons rather than officers who served his Majesty's court, " I am good-natured enough when there's bit coming forward; but provisions, as my fellow officer Dick says, are so dear now a-days, that let a man be ever so industrious, I defies him to get an honest living, and pay every man his due. For my part, I pays as I goes, and therefore I can't in justice, do you see, Miss Tankerville, afford to lose. Times are main ticklish, as brother Dick says; but, howsomever, tho' I can't take your bail, I would go a mile to oblige you, Miss. You are such a hand-

some, fine young lady, and withal look so good humoured."

The sensible Emma shrunk from the compliment paid to her by Mr. Geoffrey Cudgell.

Although his appearance was not prepossessing, his companion was a foil to him. Nature had been sparing of the gift of external beauty to him. His countenance, as before observed, was not merely forbidding, but calculated to raise fearful apprehensions in the minds of the passengers even in the broad face of day.

An old round hat, with a velvet band and large gilt buckle, almost concealed from sight a short head of hair, which was as white as that of a Coldstream guard. His grey eyes, redder than the ferret's, shewed cunning, while his face, deeply seamed with the small-pox, received additional fierceness from a pair of long, black, and unseemly whiskers; a Belcher handkerchief, tied in a flashy bow, encircled his neck; a light-

brown coat, which was purchased, a cheap bargain, from the wife of a prisoner, who was left with a young family; a red cloth waistcoat, ornamented with two rows of yellow buttons, once seen hanging from the window of a sale shop in Monmouth-street; a pair of thick corderoy breeches, known frequently under the name of double damnables, formerly the property of an itinerant Methodist preacher; ribbed worsted stockings, and very short and dirty half boots, constituted the dress of this formidable catchpole.

Such a person was the companion of the well-known Geoffrey Cudgell, and as such could not be congenial to the feelings of any female, especially as he was employed in the discharge of an office unpleasing to all parties, with the exception of three—namely, the creditor, the catchpole, and the master of a lock-up house.

Emma desired Mr. Cudgell to wait a few minutes, while she wrote a draft on her

banker for the sum owed by Mr. Lester (for that was the stranger's name); and amidst the applause of the surrounding multitude, begging Mr. Lester to precede her, was handed by that gentleman into her carriage.

When seated opposite the loveliest woman his eyes ever beheld, Lester would have poured forth a torrent of thanks, had she not interrupted him, by requesting to be informed where his wife lived, that the coach might convey him to the house.

"You are too good, Madam," answered the distressed young gentleman. "It is in Westminster, in Little George-street, that I have left my deserted family. My Elinor, your unfortunate husband is the cause of your calamity. My child, you have to curse your parent. My unhappy, innocent, and suffering wife! My helpless child!" The sighs that he uttered seemed to arise from

the bottom of his heart. He instinctively placed his hand over his face; he was visibly afflicted.

Emma let down the glass, and ordered the coachman to drive slowly.

"If to give comfort to the afflicted, to save a family from the pangs of bitter agony, can, as I am sure it must, afford satisfaction to your sensible mind; that satisfaction, Madam, is yours, and you have indeed atchieved a noble act. Oh! how can I repay you?"

"My good Sir," said the gentle Emma, "I am a fellow-creature; pray do recollect that. You seem to forget that charity should be common. I confess I see nothing so extraordinary in what I have done, only it has furnished an exquisite pleasure to myself. Most probably I may enjoy a sweeter sleep for it at night." Her eloquent eyes sparkled with joy. In any other situation the admiring Lester would have fallen on his knees to have thanked her.

"Your appearance, Sir," said Emma, "bespeaks the man who has known far better fortune."

"I will not deceive you, Madam. At a future opportunity I will relate to you my melancholy and checquered history."

"If I can be of any service to you, good Sir, I do assure you I shall be inconceivably happy."

The carriage stopped at the corner of the street. Emma was handed out by Lester.

"It is here, Madam, that I live. Can you deign to visit the abode of the wretched? surrounded with opulence and splendor, can you condescend to wipe away the tear of sorrow from the indigent?"

"Do, good Sir, shew me the way to Mrs. Lester's apartment."

Emma was preceded by the husband.

"These stairs are in dangerous decay, Madam; do let me entreat you to take fast hold of the rail. Pray use particular cau-

tion as you ascend these steps. Hold, Madam—I hope you have not hurt yourself; these stairs indeed are very rotten and unsafe; but you would visit my wretched lodging."

It was into a room on the attic story that Lester shewed Miss Tankerville; the apartment was mean, and wretchedness might be said to have set its mark upon it. The naked walls were in various places patched with plaister. A few culinary utensils, but bright as silver, stood on the mantle-piece. The candlesticks reflected the light, and wore a most beautiful polish. The tea-cups were arranged in nice order, and the floor was as clean as labour could make it; but what attracted her attention, was a lovely woman making shirts, while a little girl was attending to the cooking of the dinner.

"I know, my dear George," said the amiable hostess, not regarding any one else, "that you are very fond of what trifles I have been preparing for you: the ex-

pence they have cost has been supplied from the profits arising from the sale of my gold repeater; and a look of satisfaction from my dear George will amply repay me. Come, do, my good husband, take your chair. Betty, set the dishes on the table. My dear, come, be seated—I am sure you must be tired: alas! you look so; are you hungry, my love?"

"Elinor, you do not then see this angel that has honoured our habitation," saluting his wife, while Emma's reflection was absorbed in enjoying unspeakable transports. "You do not see," interrupted Lester, "the charming Miss Tankerville, of whom you have heard mention. It is she in person, who has rescued your husband from the hands of bailiffs, and this morning saved him from prison."

Emma conceived herself sufficiently rewarded in the look of gratitude which beamed in the countenance of the beautiful woman who stood before her.

She curtseyed, and received her with an air of elegance and good-breeding, which, in her apparent situation, was more admired.

Lester offered a chair to Emma, but she refused. Then seating herself on a bed which was hung with neat linen curtains, she took the little boy on her knees, who said "he should always love her, because she had been kind to his papa, and would not let the naughty, naughty man hurt him;" lisping innocently, "that he would, when he grew up a big large man, give her some money; a good deal; and he had heard papa say, that God would always be good to those who were kind-hearted to the poor."

He then clambered down from Emma's lap, went to his father, looked him in the face, gave him a hearty shake of the hand, kissed his mammy, and hid his face in her gown; the little wanton then looked up, and smiled archly.

" You are a good boy," said Emma, " and I shall beg you of your parents for a little time on a visit to me. See, now, what I have for you; here is something, my dear, to buy you playthings."

She put a guinea into his hands.

The boy took it to his father, and, because he would not take it, burst into tears; so that his father, in order to pacify him, was obliged to take the money, saying that he would keep it for him.

Emma now extorted a promise from Lester, that she should see him the next day.

CHAPTER X.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood;
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Gray's Hymn to Adversity.

MR. LESTER'S HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

IN the morning of the following day, Lester called upon Emma. He was shewn up stairs. His son welcomed him by the most expressive signs of joy, danced about

the room, took him by the hand, gave him a kiss for his mammy, shewed him all the play-things that Miss Tankerville had bought him, his large horse and gun, and his great big drum and trumpet.

Emma received Lester with the greatest affability, and studied how she should avoid making him perceive that she had obliged him. Some great people might have kept him standing, bowed superciliously, and, if they noticed him, used the most frigid words and distant behaviour they could possibly adopt, tossing up the head, and forgetting that they absolutely were of the same species, subject to the same passions, liable to the same incidents, obnoxious to the wheel of fate equally with themselves. On the contrary, Emma held out her hand to him, as if she had been acquainted with him for a long time, desired him to be seated, and then, after ringing the bell for some wine and sandwiches, begged, as a particular obligation, if it

could be done without distressing his feelings, to relate his history.

Lester began in an articulate and distinct manner, thus:

"My life, Madam, short as it has been, has passed subject to misery, and I have truly known what bitter and humiliating sorrow is. With my name, Madam, you are already acquainted. My mother died in my infancy, and left me to the care of a good parent. My father was a merchant of great respectability and wealth. The cold hand of penury never afflicted him. He was, I thank God, an honest man; and if to be honest is a feather in any man's cap, he might be said to have worn it with the joint suffrages of all who knew him. He might be said to be the noblest and proudest work of God.

"My father was so punctual as never to depart from his word, though conscious that he was pursuing methods contrary to his present interest. In this he was most firm;

and while he wrote the favours and obligations which he received on tablets of brass, his injuries were easily erased. His friendships were lasting, his enmities perishable. The consequent advantages arising from his strict attention to keeping his word and his engagements sacred, were incalculable. He enlarged his connexions, his fortune became increased, and he was pointed out as one on whom the commercial man might depend, and the foreign merchant employ as an agent. Mr. Edward Lester was known in the city, as well as elsewhere, to be a good man; yet without this jargon he was virtuous, industrious, economical, and temperate; by his example, he shewed me the way to gain the good wishes of men. I do not know a man who had fewer faults. I never knew him guilty of any one excess; but, after leading a life productive of benefit and usefulness to mankind, I had the misfortune to be parted from him. He is

gone where all honest men are, and where kindred spirits reside."

Here he uttered a deep groan, and Emma felt a tender sympathy for the pious feelings which he expressed.

" I beg your pardon, Miss Tankerville; but you must look with kindness on those feelings, of which destitute, I should be ignorant and undutiful in the extreme. No, Miss Tankerville, I could never forgive myself, were I to forget the reverence I owe to the memory of the best of parents. But I will proceed with my history.

" It was in Huntingdon, during the race week, that I was at the house of a friend; when chatting over some wine, he asked me, ' if I felt inclined to go to the ball in the evening.' I am more minute in recounting this circumstance, as much of my future life was to depend upon it; a circumstance which has made me at once the most miserable, and (bowing to Miss Tan-

kerville) the most happy of men in the creation."

"I know many beautiful young ladies in the town," continued my companion, "and I am confident that you will be entertained in their company. You are not engaged this evening, George, and a handsome Adonis like yourself must do execution." I promised that he should find me ready to accompany him to the ball.

"We drank freely of different wines. My spirits were exhilarated. As yet, while my father was living, I had never felt the wounds or malice of fortune, had never experienced the ingratitude of man, 'whose tooth,' to use the description of a favourite poet, 'is keener than the winter's wind;' nor had I found 'a friend remembering not.'

"I have ever loved the bards who have forcibly depicted the passions. Alas! the scenes and transactions of my life have been what I little thought they would, a sad theme for the plaintive poet!"

Emma pressed him to take a glass of wine. He poured out one for Emma, and afterwards drank one himself.

"To the ball we went that evening. I was introduced by my friend to the honourable Miss Harcourt. Health and modesty added a deeper tinge to her cheeks, which already glowed with the colour of the crimson rose. Her nose was taper, and slender as her lips, her blue eyes languishing and soft, her elegant and pleasing form was symmetry itself, while those parts of her polished limbs and body, which dress did not conceal, vied with the virgin snow or Parian marble. Her good sense was conspicuous, her wit good-natured, her periods elegant, her voice enchanting and melodious; but you have seen my lovely Elinor, Madam, and can judge in some degree how her beauties might have affected me. Consider, Miss Tankerville, this was before grief had preyed on her cheek, or perceptibly wasted her form. Yet, even now,

Elinor to me is more lovely than she was when I first saw her.

" Love at first sight is not strange or unnatural, in my opinion. Prejudices favourable, or the contrary, will arise in the breasts of most of us; nor am I the only one who has been subject to them."

Here Emma betrayed herself, and shewed that his remark was but too just. She drew out her handkerchief, complained of the heat, and wiped a tear away, fond tribute of affection to the idol of her heart.

" As soon as I saw her, I found that I was much in love. Labouring and trembling under the tortures of suspence, I begged that I might have the flattering satisfaction and happiness, if she was not pre-engaged, of being permitted to lead her down a dance. She complacently smiled, thanked me with easy and elegant politeness, and gave me her assent. The admiring spectators gazed on her as she danced; many whispered, some laboured at

a vain imitation, thus paying her the greatest compliment. Every time I touched her white hand, her ivory arm, my soul thrilled within me. I conversed with her, and conversation served farther to convince me that I was undone; for how could I expect to gain the consent of her father, who was the proudest among those who are proud of their nobility. But the fascinating Elinor gave me encouragement. Why should the poets and painters, I have often thought, describe or paint love as blind? No eagle is half so quick-sighted. I saw, by the sparkling animation of her eyes, that she felt more than common esteem for me, and I had the audacity to promise myself future bliss. For success, I depended on these favourable symptoms of her passion, and my great expectations of having a future settlement from my affectionate father. My friend tapped me on the arm, and told me I was in the high road to good fortune.

"Miss Harcourt introduced me to her

brother in the course of the evening. I never met with so agreeable a young man; throwing aside all reserve, he shook me cordially by the hand.

"Lester," said he, "I love your manners. I already feel prepossessed in your favour. Hereafter let us be friends. I hope that you will stay long in this part of the country. Our house shall be yours, and Elinor and myself will be always glad to see you."

"I was struck with his impressive manner, and engaged myself to breakfast with him the next morning. In such company, you may conclude, my charming and sensible benefactress, that the hours passed swiftly. It was late before I left the assembly; and when I had made a bow to the party, who quitted the rooms at the same hour, my soul felt a vacuum which the presence of the amiable stranger could alone supply.

"Love drove away sleep from my eyes:

Till yesterday, I had never seen one female who was to be compared with her.

" The next morning I breakfasted with her father the Earl of Harcourt. He received me with such reserve and frigid politeness, that the touch of the torpedo could not have benumbed my faculties more effectually; yet nothing could be more politely attentive than the behaviour of Elinor. Her brother's spirits seemed more exhilarated on seeing his friend, as he chose to call me. Still there was some constraint visible in their actions, owing, as I rightly judged, to their father's presence; and I was wicked enough to wish that the gout, to which I found he was subject, had confined him to his room, that I might have enjoyed the uninterrupted conversation of my newly-acquired friend and adorable mistress.

" Do you ride this morning, Lester?" Harcourt said to me in a half whisper, and apparently embarrassed.

" My sister Elinor and myself intend to take an airing at twelve; will you accompany us on horseback—how do you feel disposed? We shall make but a short excursion, and I shall be able to shew you some improvements that the Earl, my father, has been making on his estate. Elinor, I can assure you, my good friend, has been speaking of you in favourable terms, and she has given you an opportunity of being her 'squire on a second occasion."

Then raising his voice, he said to me, in continuation: " Mr. Lester, when do you threaten to leave this part of England? I hope, Sir, that you will call at Harcourt-lodge before you take your final departure."

" I could not forbear answering his last enquiry in a despondent manner, and told him that I was afraid my visit would be very short in Huntingdonshire.

" I then closed an engagement with him in half whispers. After this, having been made to observe the Earl's old ancestors,

drawn in the costume of the times, the works of eminent artists, and which jutted out from the wainscot, shadowed with massy gilt, and dusty frames of a very ancient manufacture, I made a most respectful bow, and, paying humble obeisance, had the honour of saluting the ceremonious Earl of Harcourt, and wishing him a good morning.

" At the appointed hour, I met my polite and noble friends. The morning was fine; Elinor Harcourt was in a hunting dress. The winds gave her a more lively bloom, which made her countenance appear still more captivating; her heart seemed joyful, and her lovely face was dressed in smiles.

" We had not proceeded more than two miles from the house, when the horses, which were high-spirited animals, suddenly took fright, plunged excessively, and set off with the curricle at full speed.

" I clapped spurs to my horse; and, being a bold and experienced rider, had the

address to ride him before the horses' heads, so as skilfully and effectually to stop them in their full speed, as they were already on the border of a steep bank; in which course, had they proceeded, they must inevitably have dashed the carriage to atoms, and more particularly endangered the lives of the honorable Mr. Harcourt and his sister, who was soon left alone in the curricle, as her brother jumped out for the express purpose of saving her, whom I now dare to call my beloved wife.

"I received her safe in my arms; but, from excessive fear, she fainted away. Ambitious to assist, while the brother remained half distracted, the servants procured water immediately, which, from necessity, was brought in the brims of their hats folded up. When the amiable Elinor recovered, she cast her eyes expressive of tender sentiment upon me, and thanked the saviour of her life: such was her manner of noticing me, for simply doing my duty. However,

I shall never forget the incident—a reward I could not resist, the impulse of boldly taking a kiss. What a delicious moment! Well was I repaid for any services that I had rendered, and any difficulty which I might have undergone. At that time she excused the liberty which I had taken, or was unwilling to express displeasure. On our return, I had the honour of receiving the thanks of the Peer.

"Harcourt shook me by the hand, declared that he should consider me as the preserver of his sister, and would esteem himself more abundantly honoured and happy in my friendship. For my part, I blessed the effects of an accident which procured me one favourable glance from her, on whom I found my future happiness and tranquillity must depend.

"Our meetings after were frequent: and, about this time, a circumstance took place, which the oddity that was attached to it will excuse my mentioning. A country

gentleman, of large landed property, a neighbour to the Earl of Harcourt, not in the least intimidated by the distant manners of his intended father-in-law, was numbered among the many suitors who aspired to the honour of deserving my Elinor's hand. From my frequent visits at Harcourt-lodge, I had for some time been a cause of jealousy to him. He met me one morning when we were hunting, and, without any ceremony, held his horsewhip in a menacing manner at me; telling me 'that I was an impudent *varmint*, and that such tatterdemallions as I ought to have my coat dusted; that, as he was in commission for the peace, he hoped ere long to see me had up before him, and that he would have me take an honest man's advice, and keep clear of the county jail.'

"This was triumphantly said in the hearing of many of the neighbouring gentlemen, some of whom were acquainted with the friendship with which the honour-

able Mr. Harcourt and his fair sister received my visits at the Lodge.

"I therefore rode up to my resolute rival, and asked him if he seriously designed to insult a stranger who had never intentionally offended him; and if he had uttered the abuse, which he had so liberally bestowed on me, by way of exciting laughter at my expence among his dependents, who, I observed, were backing the courageous 'squire?"

"What I says, I stands to. There's not a man in the county of Huntingdonshire of whom I am afraid, thank God, or care the snap of my finger for; I can tell un that, let un be as big as a Patagonian—"

"Did you mean to insult me, Sir? If you did, are you willing, Sir, to make me a satisfactory and proper apology? I am sometimes inclined to be peremptory in my commands, and, at this time, am not willing to be trifled with."

"The word "bully" was uttered by a

gentleman of spare habit, and who wore a smart red hunting-coat, and had on, I believe, a new pair of buckskin-breeches.

" Willing to shew the 'squire that I was not to be derided or insulted with impunity, I dismounted, gave my horse into the charge of my groom, and having dislodged the companion of the 'squire from his seat with some difficulty, for he strove to sit fast on the saddle, I rolled him in the field, to the great diversion of many of the spectators; while his patron, who beheld the woeful condition in which he rose, covered with dirt, his jockey cap, coat, and buckskin breeches soiled, stayed no longer in the field, but, putting spurs to his horse, took French leave. The rest of the company continued the chace, which had been interrupted by this adventure.

" I was not, I confess, a little surprised, some few days after, to receive a challenge from this redoubtable hero. I imagine, from the character he bore, that he was ad-

vised to undertake so bold an atchievement as the penning of a challenge, contrary to the wise saying, 'in the number of counsellors is safety.'

"I was desired to give him satisfaction for daring to love Miss Elinor Harcourt, and for insulting his friend, and putting him in bodily fear by rude and outrageous language; although I cannot charge myself with any thing of this sort.

"I met him in a common adjoining to the town of Huntingdon at an early hour. The air was keen. The ground was measured. Elinor's brother was my second.

"I desired him to fire. I perceived his hand to tremble violently: the ball lodged in the ground at many yards distance from me.

"It was my turn to fire. I then asked him, if he was prepared. He replied, in scarcely articulate words—'y—y—yes—— Why—y—y—y yes, I am prepared; but, for God's sake, Sir, don't take my life away

—Wound me if you must, Mr. Lester, but I beg of you not to kill me.'

"It was not my intention to claim my right of firing at my antagonist. I explained, by telling him, that I had met him to give that satisfaction which he demanded; that his friend had insulted me by a gross and intemperate expression, and for which he really merited severer chastisement from the hands of a gentleman; that with respect to the fair lady, concerning whom the dispute had originated, although he must acknowledge, in his cooler moments, that on my part there had been very little offence given, and none malignantly, he was left at liberty still to pursue his courtship. But surely," I added, "with the permission of the honourable Miss Harcourt, I may aspire, Sir, to the freedom of her acquaintance, without dread of punishment from any man; and I humbly conceive that it is for that young lady to decide whose suit she prefers. And now, Sir, as

the very keen air of the common has given fresh edge to my appetite, and this affair has terminated so happily, will you honour this gentleman, the brother of Miss Harcourt, with whom you are acquainted, and myself, with your company to an early breakfast at my lodgings.

" He stared at me with a look of astonishment some minutes, strided to me eagerly, fell on his knees, and thanked me for my forbearance and mercy shewn to a wretched sinner, and told me I deserved the young lady. Then rising, gave my hand a violent shake, and concluded with taking from his pocket-book a card on which his address was written, and swore that his dependant should beg my pardon in person. I then informed him, that I would readily give up that, as I was quite satisfied with the acknowledgment already made.

" The 'squire was not the only person of the party who was elate on this occasion. The honourable Mr. Harcourt expressed his

pleasure in friendly and affectionate terms, while he could scarcely check his comic mirth, by occasionally quizzing the less ardent Squire.

" With the consent of Harcourt we were privately married, and I had the happiness of receiving my desirable partner for life from his hands. By his advice, we planned speedy retirement to some pleasant village in a distant county, where we might live until I had acquainted our parents with our union. The pardon and consent of my father I expected to obtain; but I never thought that the Earl of Harcourt would be brought to sign his consent to a match, in his opinion so unequal.

" Nor was I mistaken in the sequel. Seeing me so intimate with his daughter, he discovered symptoms of disquietude and fretfulness, and threw out hints that my departure would be agreeable to his wishes.

" My Elinor, whose love increased with time, dreading the anger of her father,

pressed the necessity of our retirement. Her brother urged the most forcible reasons for adopting the same measure. In short, we departed for the county of Hertfordshire, to a country-box which Harcourt had procured.

"The house was situated on the eminence of a hill, at the bottom of which flowed a meandering stream. Here the eyes of the traveller beheld pleasing and sloping uplands dressed by the rich hand of nature, woods pendent over woods, thick copses, fields, and white and fleecy flocks, grazing in the luxuriant vallies; here villages, there loftier spires, which denoted parish-churches, the indexes of larger and more populous towns. The country was in its greatest beauty, and the horizon terminated an earthly paradise. Often would my Elinor and myself wander together on a summer's evening, when the moon rose majestic in the east, and darted her oblique rays across the valley, and over the green

hill, playing on the surface of the water, while the brighter orbs of the fixed stars blazed in the azure firmament: all nature seemed to pause in astonishment at the grandeur of the scene. Then would we drink deeply of mutual love; and then, pressing her to my bosom, I used to ask her if she would always love her husband as she now did, and whether I might dare to nourish so sweet an anticipation, so fond an expectation of future joy. At other times we would plan measures for the happiness that we promised ourselves we should possess; we talked of events likely to be produced by slow but improving time; and in reading the most entertaining and instructive authors we passed many more of our hours; for it was a pleasure to me to hear my Elinor make her remarks, simple and unaffected, but interesting and instructive, in as much as they were the emanations of a polished mind.

"It was with pain that I wrote to my

father, informing him of my marriage, and pleading the strength of my passion. That indulgent and good parent sent me an answer by return of post, giving me the most salutary counsels that parental affection could suggest. He began his letter, by saying, that, as I was embarked in a new situation in life, it was necessary I should attend to his advice; that it was unnatural to suppose otherwise than that he was my best friend; and that, while I followed his advice, God's blessing would attend me in every action of my life. He advised me to be minutely upright, to keep my word most religiously, and never to swerve from the paths of honour; adding, that, as I might expect to have a family, I should avoid extravagance, for the extravagant man was dependent on others, often rapacious and destitute of common honesty; besides, for a man to incur debts, when he knew there was not a possibility of discharging them, was more criminal and knavish than going

on the highway to rob. If I wished to have the continuance of Heaven's blessing, I should behave to others as I would wish they should act to me under similar circumstances. Above all things he cautioned me to avoid excesses, and to be industrious, as essential to honesty, virtue, and benevolence; for how could I know how to reward the industrious without being so myself. He concluded a long letter with wishing me every degree of happiness in life; bade me remember that I had always a friend in him; that, at his death, I should inherit all his property, and that, even during his life, he would settle on me a handsome allowance; so that Elinor and myself might live independent of the Earl of Harcourt, of whom he had conceived no very exalted notions. 'When you have a son,' added he, 'give the young rogue the christian name of his paternal grandfather.'

"Whatever my good father's objections

might have been to our match, he concealed them, and endeavoured all that was in his power to serve me.

"I wrote to the father of Elinor; but the Earl was implacable. He declared, that his astonishment and anger were equally great; that the downfall of his noble house was threatened by such contamination of blood; and that the world must pity him in this, that a child of his should disgrace herself by so unworthy an alliance, so degrading an union, throwing aside duty to her father and his opinions. He added, that he never would give his daughter a farthing; nay, that she might starve with hunger ere he would give her one morsel of bread, or acknowledge our brats: a prediction which that hard-hearted man lived and endured to see nearly fulfilled.

"I could not refrain from considering myself as the cause of my Elinor's misfortunes, and the means of her suffering from the implacable resentment of her father.

Her brother wrote to me a letter shortly after, saying, that he had quarrelled with his father on my account; that the house had become insupportable; and that he was on the eve of taking his departure from England on a voyage to the West Indies, where he intended serving his country as a military officer in that unhealthy climate.

"This augmented our misfortunes; but my faithful Elinor suffered her sorrows to abate in my company. She then seemed to forget them, unless it was when she felt for me; she then repeated her tender and emphatic declaration, that I was a husband, a father, and brother to her; that she lived for me only, and would share all my vicissitudes of fortune.

"Thus we continued to love each other, as we did when our nuptials first took place.

"My father affectionately invited me to town, and admitted me as a partner in the firm of his house: but, alas! what a storm

was preparing, what misfortunes were impending over my devoted head!

" It has been observed, that when we are led to imagine we are most secure, we should in such seasons be most on our guard.

" The first severe blow that I felt was the death of my beloved parent. With a heavy and foreboding heart did I enter into the management of his affairs. Young and inexperienced, friends, or at least such as bore the prostituted titles of friends, but who are in truth the property of every rich man, flocked around me.

" The needy borrowed of me, the prudent and speculative plundered me at the gaming-table, or on 'Change. To one man I advanced ten thousand pounds, to another I was security for double that sum; the one failed in business, and, treating my debt as a friendly loan, paid me no part of it, contenting himself with paying his other cre-

ditors threepence in the pound; the other absconded, after inviting me a few days before to a sumptuous dinner; when, in his bill of fare, among other luxuries, was a ham stewed in claret, a haunch of venison, and a little chicken turtle. Of him I have not once heard; but, Miss Tankerville, whether he be living or not I cannot inform you. I perceive that you are shocked at his duplicity. I confess I was much hurt on finding such moral depravity; but in the school of Adversity the philosopher is formed; and this rigid instructress, while she humbles human pride, teaches her pupils salutary experience.

"In a short interval of time my money was dissipated, my connexions distrusted me, some of whom abruptly told me that they must employ other merchants. Like the wounded stag, I seemed to have had a mark set upon me, and, like that poor and distressed animal, was shunned by more prosperous acquaintance and fellows.

It is to be lamented, I have often thought, that some fostering hand is not ready to shield the deserving and industrious, or those whom the chances of fortune and a good-natured disposition, which has not learnt how to blunt its feelings to the voice of distress, have reduced to narrow penury. A little seasonable relief might be of important service in retrieving their disastrous affairs, and contribute to set them up once more in business.

" My wife was brought to bed of a boy. We called him Edward, after his grandfather. At any other time this pledge of our union would have afforded me infinite joy; it now added to our distress.

" Creditors poured in upon me with repeated demands and fresh accounts; and a commercial man, whose bill I had accepted from pure friendship, was the first to post me on 'Change. When I met him afterwards, he passed by me as an unconcerned man; bowed to me with respect; had the

same smile of friendship on his countenance that he ever had, and offered me his hand. I guarded against the proffered friendship, and, shuddering at the deceitful viper, utterly disclaimed his acquaintance, and left him to his feelings.

"I had received a classical education. It was now that I wished to put it to some account; but I experienced what my father had often told me, that I should find Latin and Greek of little use, if I should fall into distressed circumstances, which he prayed God might never happen. The mind, when afflicted with misery, which is the cause frequently of the disease of the body, loses a great share of its wonted vigour; not that my misfortunes prevented my application to booksellers for the purchase of those writings which I had produced in the much to be commiserated character of a needy and half-famished author; but when I recollected that Otway,

the Poet of Nature, had, in this country, literally died from impatience to feed the demands of ravenous hunger; that Butler regretted, in neglected poverty, the ingratitude of the Stuart family; that Savage was the victim of unnatural caprice, the illegitimate child of misery, deserted by all but the pious and feeling Doctor Johnson; that Lloyd had written many of his witty and classical compositions in the Fleet-prison; that Chatterton was not pitied till after he had terminated his unhappy existence; and that Dermody had lately died in obscurity and beggary, ineffectually endeavouring to quiet the clamorous demands of an unfeeling woman, to whom he was indebted for the hire of a garret; that the expences of his burial were disputed by ignorant, selfish, and hard overseers; nay, the funeral of the unfortunate youth was only defrayed by the joint subscription of a few distinguished, liberal, and philanthropic

gentlemen, who admired the poet, while they felt for their fellow-creature:—I confess, when I reflected on these discouraging precedents, my resolution was staggered. Necessity, however, drove me to try the experiment. I went to an accoucheur of literature with some select poems which I had written. He looked at them, read them over, applauded them as efforts of genius, but closed his observations as follows: "I thank you for the sight of them, but there is not quantity sufficient for two volumes. How much do you expect to get for as much more as you have written? You will at present only get a trifle, though the style is far from bad. In the condition in which you have brought your writings to me, they are not saleable."

"And will not these poems be acceptable because they are few in number, and those closely written?" I replied.

"My dear Sir," said he, asking me to sit

down, "you seem quite ignorant of the trade. These, I grant you, may pass in a magazine, or perhaps the Editor of a newspaper, provided he has room, and you can prevail on him to spare part of a column, may insert them from time to time in the Poet's Corner."

I told him, that I had begun writing a novel, and asked him if he would purchase it?

"Shew it to me," was his answer. "I must read it, or let some friend peruse it, before I can enter into definitive terms. Is it like the style of Fielding, Richardson, or Smollet? If so, it will not do. Novels now-a-days, unless they are excessively sentimental, don't sell. Romances are more in fashion; and these must have ghosts, mysteries, subterraneous caverns, suffering Matildas, heroic Fitzallans, villainous Osmonds, persecuted Reginalds; they must be lighted up with torches, be loaded with

fragments of decayed and mouldering castles, haunted with male or female spectres, have their pages stained with the acts of cruel barons, and be interspersed with a little licentiousness; such as will provoke the passions of the younger part of the sexes."

"He then shewed me, as a specimen of the style which would be sure of pleasing, an extract from the MS. Romance of the 'Bloody Mysteries of the Infernal Banquet,' by Mrs. Gloomly. I turned over some pages, and, in the middle of the seventh volume, read the following passage:

"Stranger, said Frederick, art thou of heaven or hell? Why have thy canonized bones left the quiet, the silent sepulchre, the grave of thy deceased forefathers? I conjure you to answer me. The night was dark, the moon was obscured by sable clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the leaves of the wide spreading larch-tree were agitated by the rising tempest. Fre-

derick, although unused to fear, felt his mind perturbed. The spectre, for so it appeared by the transitory flashes of the vivid lightning, made no answer. Already his hand was upon the hilt of his sword, he drew it forth from the scabbard, and, thus armed, prepared to follow whither the poor troubled spirit seemed to beckon him to proceed."

"And if this is," I exclaimed, "a subject suited to the modern taste, I perceive I shall be no favourite. I thank you for your kindness, Sir, and wish you a good day.

"I was going out of the shop, when the bookseller called me back. "Stop," said he, "your ingenuity deserves encouragement, young man; I am a poor man in trade, and my profits are but barely enough to support my family, which is large; but your merit has a claim to what little encouragement I can bestow. Though I am not qualified to be a Mecænas, young gen-

tleman, I cannot view your situation without pity, as I have not passed by your talents without commendation. Here are ten guineas, Sir, to encourage you to go on in the path of literature, which will lead you to honour."

"I was hurt at his not receiving my verses, and refused the sum he was so kind as to offer me. We are, Miss Tankerville, even the wisest of us, subject to pride, and our venial errors deserve lenity. By the advice of a man who lodged in the same house with me, I applied to the editor of a newspaper; but I found that I must give up my principles, however just, write at the expence of my conscience, and gloss over particular actions; for which I should be paid an adequate salary. This was not congenial to my idea of rectitude or virtue, and by no means suited my temper.

"I went next to the manager of the

summer theatre, Mr. George Terence, junior, and offered him a play.

" He looked at it, and told me if I would permit him to alter the manuscript, he would bring it out at his theatre ; but otherwise he must beg leave to return it, as he already had plenty of his own for the summer. One essential advantage at this theatre was, a long run ; for he could always invite guests who would ensure that what was set before them should go down with applause. I declined the offers of this despotic caterer for the public, who will only give his own plays ; not what the audience like, but what he chooses. He is undoubtedly a man of rare talent, and has written comedies which will ensure him reputation ; but he should recollect that, in his official capacity as manager of a place of entertainment, he is to lay aside prejudice and caprice as far as lies in his power, and to endeavour to please the public. Shakespeare

will not always please; nor, though his seats may groan with loads of his favourites and hirelings, will the plays of Mr. Terence, junior, nightly repeated through the season, please the independent, critical, and fashionable part of the audience.

" I next resolved to call upon a maiden aunt. She was advanced in years, and was reported to have a great deal of money in the funds. Her sister, who had an independent fortune, lived in the same house with her. After waiting some time at the door, I was shewn up stairs. They received me coldly; one of them, desiring me to be seated, observed, " that I was very negligent, that my shoes were covered with dirt; and, in an insolent strain of lamentation, reminded me of some people of their acquaintance, whose names they could mention, not having followed their relatives' advice; but they hoped that I had seen my folly, having bought my experience very dearly; and, though I had been headstrong

and foolishly extravagant, that I had at length sown my wild oats. Was their poor dear brother, my ever-honoured parent, to know of my extravagance, nothing could exceed his anger; but he was to blame for having left such vast sums of money in my sole management, a youth of no experience. Had I followed their counsel, there would not have been grounds for people saying what they did; but I could not say that it was for want of being well advised."

"I was not in a humour to receive sharp admonition, eked out with proverbs, when the healing voice of friendship and sympathy might have been expected. In return, I made a low bow, and, on leaving the room, politely wished them a good morning. Yet there was a time when these good creatures could bear to see even their Turkey carpet soiled by the hopeful son of the opulent Mr. Edward Lester, their own dear brother; could even endure my being covered in their presence, and never ended a

remark but with the softened appellation of my dear, and my good George. But I was doomed ' to bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong ;' and that frigid distance which the poor meet too frequently from the rich, and which can be better conceived than expressed.

" In the hopes of meeting with some employment, I frequented a coffee-house, although the money that it cost me to discharge my reckoning could be but ill spared. I had contracted a gloomy and reserved habit of temper, and seldom joined in the discussion of politics, a subject which was nightly introduced. Among the society was a leading character, a man whose name was Jones, violent in declaring sentiments hostile to the existing government, which he loudly censured under feigned names. He had at school learned that Harmodius and Aristogiton were noble characters among the Greeks ; that Brutus, when he sacrificed his children to the love of his country,

acted in the most exalted manner; that the heroism of Decius, in devoting himself to inevitable destruction, was exemplary; that Marius, who deluged his divided country with blood, was a great personage, a bright luminary. He had been taught, too, while kept almost in total ignorance of the doctrine of his Saviour (if I may mention so awful a character in the same breath), that the assassin of a benefactor, who had given life, safety, and patronage to his murderer, was most virtuous; and he could pity the zealot and ingrate Brutus, who, instead of lamenting his seduction from fidelity, exclaimed vauntingly, in his last moments, that virtue was no where to be found.

"These early lessons had sown the most dangerous seeds. The poison had tainted his mind too strongly for any efficient antidote; and Jones afforded a striking example to many, of the danger of reading, without proper instruction and observation, characters of patriots as drawn in the com-

manding language of ancient classical writers, ere the mind is fixed, and at a time when the imagination is not duly regulated by the judgment.

" One evening, when I was going out of the room, he rose from his seat, followed me, and in the passage gave me his hand with a look of sympathy painted on his countenance.

" Lester, my friend, you seem to labour under misfortunes; grant me your pardon if I am more explicit. Already am I acquainted with your wants. While the poor and honest man can scarcely procure subsistence, the rich roll in pride and are pampered with luxury. Are we ever to be so?—For my part, I would rather lose my life in the cause of virtue, and die in procuring the rights of my fellow-citizens, than be the slave of petty tyrants, who listen with frigid apathy to the groans of their fellow-citizens, and wrap their delicate limbs in costly silk. While the husbandman

and labourer moisten their tillage with the sweat of their brow, they indulge their pampered appetites with superfluous delicacies, and display their fashionable, elegant, and nicely scented persons at operas, play-houses, parks, and genteel walks; but the citizen is forced to go on foreign service, to plant the standard in inhospitable and destructive climes, to pour out his blood, sad sacrifice to aggrandisement, and, O cursed inequality! merely to gain a scanty pittance. O patrician and unnatural oppression! But a grand stroke will soon be made, my friend. Liberty will be given to our wives, children, and brethren. What a glorious prospect expands to our view! Regeneration and national felicity! England, under such auspices, will perform every thing that becomes her. Independence, prosperity, peace, universal peace, will arise from our glorious exertions. The tree of liberty will be planted in our native soil, amid the loud plaudits of enlight-

ened philosophers, uncorrupted patriots, godlike heroes, exalted legislators, and unvenal freemen. On its sacred altar we have sworn to aid the cause of liberty, and to become a band of patriots linked in the closest ties of fraternal amity and civism. What say you, my friend; what say you, Lester? To-night I will introduce you to our commander, under whom we are to be organized. He is an enlightened, sensible, and courageous man.—No Spartan, Roman, or Republican of France, ever had greater zeal for the cause of freedom. Strike, and we must be free. Let us be firm, and we shall be happy."

"I followed him, actuated by curiosity, to a room where, among the portraits that were hung round the wainscot, a large painting of Brutus was suspended over the fire-place; and a representation of the insidious and profligate Voltaire was placed in a conspicuous point of view, in the act of dictating those sentiments which have so

fatally subverted the principles of religion and natural government. A tall elderly man, of genteel and conciliating address, invited me to the honour of a sitting. His harangue, or, to use Mr. Jones's word, proëmium, was as follows:—

"Mr. Jones' having introduced you, Sir, is sufficient assurance for me that you are an honest patriot. We shall have reason, I flatter myself, to congratulate our department on the acquisition. That the glorious system of republican government will be aided by you, Sir, I have very little doubt."

"He then, with a complacent look, placed in my hand a paper of the last resolutions made at a recent sitting of delegates.

"The style was inflammatory and insidious; it was calculated to please the seditious, and alarm the peaceable citizen; it spoke to the passions of ambitious and profligate men; and the designs that it held

forth were daring, but not even plausible. The Tower was proposed to be seized, the horse-guards were to be attacked by another division of citizens, and of the artillery immediate possession was to be taken. Our beloved monarch was next to fall; he, whose virtues have instructed his subjects, whose piety has edified a rising generation, who has proved himself an affectionate and faithful husband, a good and tender father, a kind and unshaken friend, a courageous, benevolent, and patriotic sovereign, was to be suddenly attacked on his way to St. James's. The stream of the New River was to be poisoned, the houses were to be set on fire by the republican Frenchmen who had obtained an asylum in this country as emigrants in the cause of loyalty and persecuted religion. At the same moment great movements were to be made in Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, and Dublin, and in most of our manufacturing towns. The French were to attempt a landing in Ire-

land, where they would be joined by numerous and determined allies. "View," said the friend of Jones, and the president of the department for London, "this plan; nothing is so practicable. It will be an attempt worthy of enlightened citizens. They must be happy."

"And yet," I replied, "what a number of families will be suddenly and miserably implicated in this revolutionary system. When I reflect on the happiness of individuals, when I consider the number of men who have been trained up to support the laws of their country, to add to the administration of the existing government, to inculcate morality and religion; when I view the decent pride of family, the modest female, the youthful family, and noble and ancient institutions, the shops of the citizens abounding in opulence, the product of successful industry, the consideration that these should be pillaged by a licentious rabble, raises in me distrust and dis-

may. What a scene of terror happened in the memorable year of seventeen hundred and eighty, when the mob, aided by an intemperate fanatic, threatened destruction to civil society; when they took possession, by storm, of the lobby of the house of commons, emptied the prisons of those whose habitual crimes had rendered them dangerous to the community, burnt the magistrates houses, and destroyed the house, books, furniture, pictures, and, what was a severe loss to the public, the manuscripts of the learned and eloquent Lord Mansfield! Six and thirty separate conflagrations blazed at once, leaving smoking ruins and vestiges of blood. And you may recollect, gentlemen, that more were the victims of drinking and licentiousness, than perished by the powers which the existing government had found it necessary to call in to their aid: this is the information that I have received. For my own part I was not witness to the scene, I was too

young; but I have heard parents of families, and respectable men, speak of it with disapprobation and horror. From the past you have little success to expect, much danger to apprehend;—besides, Sir, I address myself to you, who seem to be the manager of this system; are you certain that the people wish to have their government changed?"

"But we intend to change it at all events. We must judge for them; it is our duty to instruct them. We have sworn to do it. Tremble, O ye supporters of despotism! I have weighed the subject maturely, and am fully prepared for the momentous struggle."

"I replied, by arguing on the futility of his plan, that his intended system was repugnant to sound doctrine and common sense; that it had neither reason for its guide, nor truth for its support; nor was it founded on experience, but on such a sandy basis as could never be said to exist for any

length of time, but always tottering and obnoxious to every blast and commotion of the discordant and tempestuous elements of which it was composed. An ancient and discerning writer has observed, that, however specious the name of democracy, it bears little resemblance to the real import of the word; but monarchy, or, as in our constitution, an aristocracy, lodged in the hands of a few, under the controul of one, however harsh it may sound, imparts real advantages to the state. For, as true virtue falls but to the portion of few, it is less difficult to find one excellent man than many. And even allowing that a tyrant may hold the rod of empire, assuredly one such master is preferable to many more, who may be equally criminal with himself.

" Let us consult the page of history, and we shall find how soon this visionary system was laid aside by its most sanguine and ardent abettors, and that this theory might be said to be only *in nubibus:* but ten years

had elapsed from the expulsion of Tarquin, ere the infant and aspiring republic of Rome created a dictator. Jealous as she was of her liberty, she gladly had recourse, in the hour of difficulty, to an absolute power.

"France, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by her own citizens (if a licentious rabble, the blind tools of ambitious and interested men, may be thought worthy of the name of citizens); France, I say, suffering by cruel and hot parricides, in the midst of a dangerous and external war, again demonstrated how capricious, unstable, and inefficient are popular governments. Nay, Sir, frown not; facts must be admitted. She who could not endure being ruled under a limited monarchy, by a head of her own family, if I may say so, the mild, pacific, and alas, unfortunate Capet, the descendant of the royal line of Bourbon, now willingly acquiesces in the despotic management and protectorship of a foreign consul, or rather dictator!

"Does not nature, through all her works, (I argued) abhor equality? While the industrious subject shall receive greater encouragement than the idle, so long will two distinct classes of people exist. While infirmities incapacitate the sickly, so long will the healthy man be found of more value to the state than the invalid, and receive a proportionate reward. Some are fond of the naval service, others are born to defend the innocent, and bring the guilty to justice at the bar. Is there no difference, I pray you, whether the people, as tenants to noblemen, enjoy the fruits of reciprocal attachment, founded on the basis of ancient and established usage; or, under a military government, are obliged to submit to the opinions and commands of general officers,—a tyranny worse, Mr. Jones, than even the infamous despotism of the thirty tyrants at Athens—a tyranny which once happened in this country, but which I hope we shall never see again?

" But you, gentlemen, (pardon me if the subject leads me into peculiar warmth) because a man has not complete health, or an entirely sound constitution, would advise, nay force him to tamper with his very existence, and shorten his life by rash experiments. Why should we alter our government, because it is not that of Utopia? That is the best which has the fewest faults; and is the English government (to speak candidly) experimentally bad? Are not the avenues to the state laid open to the industrious? Property is defended—the Englishman's house is his safety. In the courts of law, the meanest and most indigent citizen has justice, for the judges are independent. To reformists I may address the story of an Italian, who had written over his tombstone the cause of his death. 'I was well; I wished to be better, and I died.' I beseech you, by our prosperity; by the reverence that the good ought to pay to the laws of their country; by that abhorrence which every humane man must

have of bloodshed and civil war; by our love to our fathers, families, brethren, and children; by the respect that we ought to pay to established and venerable institutions; by the gratitude we owe to our ancestors, who, at the risk of their lives, but with the sense of the major and better part of the community, have transmitted to us a glorious constitution, the admiration of foreigners, the source of national safety and prosperity, the essence of our commerce, the wonder of ages—let us not engage in so rash and wicked an enterprise! Every good man will tremble for the consequences which innovation may produce."

"The hearers seemed astonished at my boldness: but it was in vain that I argued with such passionate admirers of democracy. I left these misguided patriots, and, in a few days, heard that, through the evidence given by one of their party, they were surprised at one of their meetings by the runners from Bow-street, had their papers

seized, and having been found guilty of holding a treasonable correspondence with the disaffected in Ireland and England, and those aliens who were to set fire to the houses in which they were lodging, were sentenced to public execution. While I pitied their conduct, I applauded my own firmness, and felt an unspeakable and inestimable satisfaction in not having joined a faction of seditious, dissolute, and bloodthirsty patriots.

"It was now that I was taught lessons which adversity ever enforces upon the mind of the sufferer. I envied the lighterman and carman their offices, have thought coachmen happy, and looked at the porter, who was sinking under his weight, with wistful eyes. I would indeed have engaged myself to manual labour, but was in too weak a state, having been a long time without nourishing food.

"Often have I, disturbed in my imagination, unable to sleep, left my garret at

night, and my fond Elinor's arms, who, suffering innocent! little suspected my intention, and strolled through the silent and solitary street: and, as I have passed the different houses, have exclaimed, Here are marks of opulence, but will the inhabitants of these houses, to-morrow, employ me, to procure sustenance sufficient for my family to exist one day? By the light of the lamps, I have read bills announcing plays, operas, and galas, at public places; and yet these, I have said, will be thronged with fashion's train, who are regardless of economy, and are nice in their choice of superfluities. And now, would it gain belief, a wretch, a citizen of a wealthy metropolis, in this enlightened age, amongst all this gaiety, is literally starving and wandering in distress about the streets, whilst aliens have received money from mistaken and deluded charity. Yet—and I have been awakened from my soliloquy by a shivering wanton, who has asked me for

a trifle to buy her a glass of liquor, protesting that she has had nothing all day. Not being in a temper of mind to reflect that these wretched females are more miserable than myself, I have clasped my hands in agony, blindly presumed to expostulate with an eternal and gracious power; then placing them on my forehead, have said, 'Merciful, omnipotent Being, let me not lose the little portion of reason that I still have left!'

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH MR. LESTER CONTINUES THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

"I WILL go on with my adventures, of which none but those who experience the like can form an adequate idea.

"As I was going out, on the landing-place I was met by my fellow-lodger, who presented me with an order for the play.

"Nonsense," I exclaimed; "you know my situation."

"True," said he, "but grief may be diverted at public places; its sting may be rendered less pungent."

"He forced on me an order for admission at Drury-lane Theatre.

"At the hour of performance I went; the representation was the inimitable comedy of The School for Scandal.

" I was let into one of the boxes in the second row; a young lady, elegantly dressed, occupied the front seat. She politely made room for me.

" I could not forbear observing that she was highly entertained with the comedy, and pleased that Lady Teazle escaped the dangerous seduction of the crafty and designing Joseph Surface.

" Unhappy daughter of misery! (I apostrophised) and with such sentiments art thou fallen into an abyss of woe; how pointed with horror and sharp torture! Has some villain seduced thee? and, if not nightly accompanied by some Lothario, who pays thee the fee of shameless prostitution, the price of thy health and happiness; thou hast to seek the abode of infamous splendor and insupportable sorrow, where, left to remorse and bitterness of conscience, thou weepest till morn!

" I cast my eyes round, and a gentleman had joined her. They entered into

familiar discourse; and I found that, though such women might admire virtuous sentiments, and sympathise in the dangers to which the innocent of their own sex are exposed, they have not fortitude enough to put in practice the principles which they have sense sufficient to admire.

" The afterpiece was The Purse; or, the Benevolent Tar; and she applauded the generosity which her favourite actor, 'Jack B———r,' shewed in the character of a British tar.

" I was about to leave the theatre; when, as I was lifting up one of the benches, she slipped a billet into my hand.

" By the light which the sconces gave, I read the following words:

" If you will call to-morrow at three o'clock in the afternoon, at No. 7, Suffolk-street, you will meet a friend.

Your's most affectionately,

Mary Amelia Spencer.

" I doubted whether I should return the

billet; but, being desirous of arguing with her on the folly of her course of life, I resolved to pay her a visit.

"At three o'clock I called in Suffolk-street. A maid servant opened the door, and let me into the passage.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"Miss Molly is at home; but she is engaged."

"Her name, I was told, was Mary Amelia."

"What a fuss," she replied, "is here about a name? I knew her in the country, when she was called by those who were related to her Polly, and more often Poll. And, as for the other name, it was given to her by no parson. She christened herself; and, probably, if she goes on as she does, she will bury herself ere long. There's not a day passes over her head but she is 'how come you so?' Miss Mary so loves the dear creature."

"Nature, who had denied the Abigail

beauty, had given her abundant vivacity. She was as ugly as vice, but very talkative.

"This morning," she continued, "Miss Spencer told me, that being on the high lounge up Pall-Mall, in company with her friend, Miss Anna Matilda Hunt, her attention was caught by a gentleman dressed in a very fashionable coat, fashionable thick buckskin breeches, and boots, in conversation with the Duke of ——.

"Her companion, Miss Hunt, told her, that the gentleman in the fashionable coat was the honourable Mr. Pellet.

"The following conversation between the Duke and the honourable Mr. Pellet was overheard by my mistress.

"I think your horse won the cup at Epsom. My horse was beat."

"Yes, Sir; and the sum which your Grace lost has helped to enrich me."

"I am glad for you, Sir; sorry for myself. But pray is your lovely sister, Miss Tankerville, to remain single all her life, and bid defiance to the attacks of the blind urchin?"

Emma deeply blushed—and the young gentleman continued his story.

The honourable Mr. Pellet laughed.

"My Mistress was fascinated with the honourable Mr. Pellet. Never was such a handsome coat! Never did any one look half so dashing! With a complexion almost feminine, the honourable Mr. Pellet is certainly a pretty man. The honourable Mr. Pellet now quitted the Duke, who, at the end of the Mall, returned home, while Pellet turned up St. James's-street. My mistress had followed him. At the pastry-cook's, at the corner of the street, his two grooms were waiting with his curricle, and a pair of fine spirited chesnut horses; but if my mistress loved him before, how was her passion fatally increased, as she viewed the curricle, chesnut horses, silver furniture, and grooms! Such liveries! Such a handsome coat! Such a thick pair of buckskin breeches! Such a man! There was no parrying the stroke.

Already had he placed his foot on the step of the curricle, and now had he taken the reins in his hand, when he cast his eyes round, and saw Mary Amelia Spencer. It was a critical moment. He dissipated the embarrassment of my mistress by addressing her.

"I have seen you before, at the theatre."

"Probably, Sir, I have had that pleasure."

"Do you feel disposed, Madam, to take an airing this morning?"

"He dismounted, gave her his hand, placed her in the carriage, and away they drove up St. James's-street, through Piccadilly, and into Hyde Park. She, but a few minutes ago, returned with her new acquaintance, who, not content with taking a lounge with her in the Park, and putting her down at her own door, has followed her up stairs into her apartment, where she now is. It is certainly the full of the honey-moon with the honourable Mr. Pellet and Miss Mary Amelia Spencer."

" I wished the servant a good morning, and gave her my thanks for her civility. It was all that I could give her. Beggar that I was, I might have said, I am even poor in thanks."

" In the evening a note was brought me by this maid servant. In it was inclosed a fifty pound Bank note, and I read the address. The note I have by me. Permit me to read it to you, Miss Tankerville."

" Dear Lester,"

" Possibly you will be surprised at my knowing your name. But we women know more than you are aware of. It was a woman who was first seduced to pluck that cursed apple; consequently, you must allow she had the first bite. But, dear George, (you see I already know your more familiar name) I write to you, to tell you I loved you last night. Till then, I thought my dog pug, little divine creature, had engrossed all my attention ; but, alas! I knew not what sentimental love was. Though

I can vouch for the truth, yet it may appear strange to hear women of my sort talk so. Yesterday I met the honourable Mr. Pellet. Such a coat he had on! Such horses he drove in his curricle, and with such skill! Besides, he pulled out a most elegant repeater, with two such large gold seals! could I help loving him? Add to all this, his horse won the cup at Epsom; and I, my own self, with my eyes, which I assure you, are very pretty and blue, saw him talk with his Grace the Duke of ——. I must not forget to tell you, my eyes are shaded with such a beautiful wig; I bought it at Ross's new, the beginning of this winter. Miss Anna Matilda Hunt is quite envious; she declares she never saw such a tasty one. But who could withstand the attractions of Jack Pellet? Can you blame me? Inclosed, I have sent you fifty pounds. I have informed myself, dear George, of your circumstances. I hear you are a hot-headed gentleman; but don't be angry at the

freedom I take. Do not thank me; that is all I require of you: and keep my friendship for you secret. In a month's time, or six weeks at farthest, my lover will be discarded, and my heart will be open to you. I shall be sick of him in a short time, I predict. I had almost forgot to tell you, I have taken out an admission at Covent Garden, although there are four guineas difference in the price of the ticket; but the acting company is much better than at the other house. I shall only miss Harry Johnston, who is certainly a favourite.

Yours truly,

MARY AMELIA SPENCER."

"I inclosed the money in her note, which I returned sealed, having written at the bottom of it.—

"DEAR MARY,

"Look around you, and consider, I pray you, that the female who has beauty without chastity lives in misery. Repent, good

girl. I thank you for your offer; but circumstances of the most delicate nature preclude my acceptance of the sum. Besides, how can I employ to any good purpose the wages of your iniquity, purchased at the price of your happiness—inestimable comfort! Believe this as a truth from one who is what he signs himself,

YOUR REAL FRIEND,

L."

"I should not have mentioned this circumstance to you, but I take a pride, and trust it is an honest one, in disclosing to you the struggles I had on account of my Elinor. This was not the only victory. Similar temptations were offered to me, but I withstood them all. Affliction makes us better men; and those men are to be envied, who, in trials of this kind, act virtuously in the eyes of him who exalteth the meek.

"In order to communicate my distress, and the state of penury in which I was involved, I paid a visit to a young man whom

I had once intimately known, and who was acquainted with my father. For me he had ever professed the warmest friendship; I had been his convivial companion. With him I had travelled into various parts of the country; indeed I had kept the same house with him. This gentleman was a poet, an admirer of sentiment, and a most profound reader of novels: he was charmed with the character of Sir Charles Grandison; conceived that Tom Jones might have been drawn with less vice and *more generosity*, and he would then have made an amiable character. Pamela's and Cecilia's merits and virtues were discussed over the tea-table, previous to his light repast in Berners-street, after bringing home a wanton female from the play-house. He read the character of Telemachus, as drawn by the learned and pious Fenelon for a model, with admiration. He would exclaim, while he stamped his foot on the ground, and screwed his mouth up to a narrow compass or point, his eyes appa-

rently sparkling with rapture, Beautiful passage! elegant thought! most accomplished prince! amiable son of Ulysses, most incomparable Fenelon! most virtuous bishop of Cambray! He was moreover charmed with the friendship of Pylades and Orestes, and similar histories. 'O would I had been born,' I have heard him say over a bottle, 'would I had lived in those days, so fruitful in virtue! Assuredly, friendship is a most exalted virtue, but in this age there is no such thing; every man changes like the cameleon, and a real friend, George, is a rare gem." Shakespeare had not in general drawn his characters perfect enough for his refined taste. It was in Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser that he looked for the feast of reason.

"I will call on my friend, Elinor," said I to my wife.

"Why did you not think of it sooner, George," she replied? "but the distress you are in may wound his nice feelings too

sensibly I am afraid—you had better use caution, my love, with your sensible friend, and break the sad recital to him by degrees."

"On seeing me, he was pleased to express sentiments of the utmost pleasure. 'It is an age,' he cried, 'since I have seen you. Plague take you, George, my dear fellow, where have you hid yourself? in what part of the globe terrestrial have you been? Have you been to the Antipodes, or on a long voyage to Herculaneum after curiosities? Or perhaps you have been on a tour, enjoying one of your pleasant excursions to the Hebrides? It was plaguy unkind of you not to let me hear from you. Well now, my fine fellow, George, we will have some glorious fun; I'll order my curricle to be ready in a quarter of an hour. We'll go to Brighton, positively, this evening. A promenade on the Steyne, and a supper at the Castle, will do us no harm: faith it will be an excellent scheme. In the

mean time, here is some novelty for you, my dear George, to peruse. They are verses addressed to you. Some few lines of poetry in my way; you know I am a tolerable poet."

"I knew my friend had no little vanity. Following the maxim of an elegant writer, which is, to please, when it can be done at little expence, I took the paper in my hand, and read aloud the lines, which had for their title,

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE LESTER.

Friendship, dear George, whatever folks may say,
Is not so rare, I've found it ere to day.
That man's your friend who feels your inmost woes,
And when you are pleas'd, a heart-felt pleasure knows;
Thinks as you think, preserves the germe of life;
Sweet plant, so sensitive, that shrinks from strife.
Neither to circumstance nor time gives place;
Absent, will shield your name from fell disgrace:
Acts as you act, seeks virtue, honour, fame,
And fans with gen'rous thoughts the hallow'd flame.
Will not with compliment or praise aver,
Like the smooth Gaul, that you, Sir, cannot err:

Nor will with Cynic scowl, or Stoic pride,
Your foibles harshly blame, your faults deride;
Will drop the pitying tear, as he of old
Wept for his country's fate, the God foretold.
Humane, yet manly, like your good surtout,
Warm lin'd within, tho' *dry* and rough without.
That man's your friend, O do not such despise;
Dear George, then closely guard the useful prize.

"When I had read the lines, I returned them with a smile, complimented him on his exalted sentiments, and declared that such thoughts shewed his native goodness of heart. Now, Lester, I said, you are sure of succeeding in your suit; when a man writes lines like these, he must have an affectionate heart. I am much deceived in my judgment, if this is not the case with my friend. You are in high luck.—But when I unfolded to him my situation, he at first affected to be incredulous to my tale of sorrow, smiled, and asked me if I was as gay as usual. Indeed, with the remainder of my money, I had redeemed some of my best suits of clothes, that I might make a

more respectable appearance; for by this time I had found that the world judges by appearances, and paid some attention to those individuals of their acquaintance, who did not seem absolutely to want their support. But this man baffled all my experience, though, on account of the reason above-mentioned, I was still his dear friend, a second Pylades.

" I undeceived him, assured him of the truth of my statement, that it was no coinage of my fancy, and requested his assistance by the friendship that he professed for me. You would have smiled, Miss Emma, but it would have been with indignation, to have seen how this *real friend* (who had professed himself not to act like the smooth Gaul, the harsh Cynic, or the proud and conceited Stoic, but to resemble my good surtout, warm lined within) changed his tone, and divested himself of his lining. ' Are you serious?' said he, shuddering, as if he had heard the vengeful rattle-snake,

or seen his evil genius, which had already met him at the place of appointment. 'Are you serious?' he repeated; 'good God, the son of the rich Mr. Lester a pauper! but it cannot be true; you are joking. I should as soon believe the stream to have flowed backwards to its source, as that chill penury should have been the lot of the only son of the rich Mr. Lester.' But when I reassured him in the most convincing terms of the truth, and urged him with pathetic remonstrances to grant me some aid, he reprimanded me for being so extravagant; entirely changed his note; said that I might still share his confidence; assured me that he had predicted this sad change some time ago, and it was out of the great esteem and friendship he had for my deceased father, that he now ventured to remonstrate with me; a task very disagreeable to a man of his known principles and tender feelings, and universal benevolence and sympathy; for he knew how headstrong I

was, and subject to *passion*; for such rare jewel of a friend was pleased to call my warmth of temper. He moralized further: no unpleasing task, as I have observed, to people who are full of sentiment; affirmed, that he had always lived within his income, and trusted no man; that he could not, to speak the truth, (for which no man had a greater regard than himself) afford to lend me money at present, it was so much an article for speculation; but he would suffer me to be his debtor for five shillings, to buy me a dinner, and procure me a lodging at night; hoping, however, that he should never see me on a similar occasion. He then looked at his watch, which he had held in his hand from the time he was first informed that I was in narrow circumstances; laughed in my face, and told me he had an immediate engagement, for which he was going to dress, but I might amuse myself, until he went out, with two or three books and a Review, which lay on the side-board.

Stung to the quick, I know not what I said; but treated him with merited contempt, consoling myself in the natural resentment of injured pride.

"To such a wretch, it would have been wasting time to relate the distress of my poor Elinor, who was indeed much to be pitied; and my little suffering innocent, who that very morning had devoured the last roll that was left in the house, and was, probably, asking at that moment for more bread. My lips quivered while I asked him if he intended to take another convenient companion to Brighton, in the place of his once dear George, for whose father he had entertained formerly such esteem, and for whom he had once professed such friendship; one who would bear part of his expences, walk with him on the Steyne, and sup with him at the Castle?

"One evening, with my last shilling, I went to a coffee-house in my neighbourhood: I was drinking a cup of coffee, and

looking over the advertisements in one of the morning prints, when, opposite to me in the same box, sat an elderly gentleman, who seemed attentively to survey me.

" You seem, young man, in great distress," said he feelingly.

" The tears stood in my eyes, and I told him, explicitly, that no one could be more miserable than myself in the universe.

" Forgive me," answered the old gentleman, " I do not mean to be impertinent; I intend being your friend."

" Moved by his pathetic manner, and captivated by his benevolent look, I replied,

" At this moment, I have no resources, no money to take home to procure sustenance for my family, suffering from dreadful want. O God of Heaven! (I apostrophised) look with pity on thy poor, helpless, and visited creatures."

" Ceremony is not my forte," rejoined my companion. " Much time has passed

away since I have left it to boys and young men, who have to make their advances in a world which I am afraid is often base, and but unworthily recompences merit. Nay, shun me not; though I am serious, and apt to moralise from reflection and experience, I am no deceiver. My fortune is made, I thank Heaven. In commerce I have been successful, and have accumulated a more than sufficient competence for me and my heir. Who that will be I am at a loss to say at present. I may be forced to leave it to some good charity, if I cannot find a deserving young man. But it seems, unless I am very, very much mistaken, that I have, young gentleman, met with one to-day." He offered to shake me by the hand, in token of friendship, extending his across the table, while his face was a pleasing picture of his humane mind. Pretending that he had a cold, he pulled out his handkerchief, applied it to his eyes, and I observed that he wiped the tears from

them, while he addressed me in a compassionate manner.

" My name is Barret; will you favour me with yours in return ?"

" I informed him, that my name was Lester.

" What ! the son of Ned Lester, the merchant ?"

" The same."

" Zounds! what my old honest friend, who lived in New Broad-street ? And are you indeed, young man, his son ? Well, well; he might, in faith, have been proud of such a boy. And,—waiter, bring me some punch—I will, I am resolved, drink to your good health, and our more intimate acquaintance. Faith, you shall, my boy, notwithstanding the chances have been against you in the world, drink success to trade. Eh ! I beg pardon, is not your christian name George ?"

" You seem to have known me, Sir, formerly."

" Aye, George—'tis not in mortals to

command success. But *you may* do more, deserve it.

"Waiter, James, quick, bring me, this instant, a bowl of good punch; make it strong, and put plenty of sugar and spirits in it. Why, zounds! I did hear that you was distressed, and had married a beautiful young woman. Yes, it is true, I heard that your wife was a very beautiful creature, and that she was, the more is the pity, the daughter of the Earl of Harcourt, who is as proud as Lucifer. I suppose he shuts himself up in his house, and blockades it as if he was afraid of being taken by surprise. I did not know you at first, for you are grown out of all knowledge; you are not the little curly-headed play-fellow I remember, when you was as high as the table."

"The punch was brought, and we drank copiously of it. It invigorated my spirits, and the old gentleman's heart was laid open; so generous a man I had seldom ound.

" Will you sup with me to-night? Bachelor's fare, no wife or children, no —— Eh! what's the name of old Lucifer's daughter? I beg her pardon for abusing such a hard-hearted rascal as her father is."

" Her name is, my good Sir, Elinor.

" Elinor! aye, so it is. Well then, here's good health and happiness to Elinor. Come, let me fill your glass: when I was as young as you, George, your father, honest Ned Lester, and myself, have drank many a pint bumper of this excellent beverage. It was the fashion to envelope ourselves in clouds of tobacco, and to get merry with this tart, but pleasant mixture."

" The old gentleman seemed to admire the liquor he had been fond of in his youth.

" A servant came to tell him his chariot was waiting.

" He called for a bill; having discharged our expences, he shook me by the hand with a warmth which I had seldom experienced

of late, and putting on his hat, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he kindly said, "I am most happy to have met with the son of my friend. You must allow me to call him so. You may tell the world, that old Zachary Barret knows them before to-day; knows, ay, every individual character of them. Eh! George, you shall laugh at them as much as you like; I will make you heir to all my property. Thank God, we have honest men left, who will think they are simply doing their duty, when they save a fellow-creature from destruction. But whip me the selfish fellow that will not. If you are, young gentleman, but as excellent a man, and have a heart made of as tough and good materials as my old friend had, your honoured father, you may look any man in the face, whatever his condition may be, and say you do not care a Birmingham halfpenny or a brass farthing for him: aye, let him be the first in the land: eh! George."

" Who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare,
How many be commanded that command?"

" But come, my good fellow, you cannot live upon poetry; your dear father used to say, Pindar, and Homer, and Shakespeare, and Tom D'Urfey, would not answer drafts; mere Grub-street."

" He pulled out his watch.

" Early to-morrow morning, without fail, I will take the opportunity of calling on your wife, and see you settled comfortably. Where do you live? In the joy of my heart to see the son of an old friend, and to shake hands with a play-fellow, I never once asked you where you lived."

" I acquainted him that my lodgings were in Little George-street, in a miserable garret.

" Why, Sirrah, how came you reduced to such lodgings? you have been letting generosity get the better of discretion; but it is not in the power of man to recall past events, eh! my friend George? We must alone guard against the future, eh! my good fellow? No putting old heads on young shoulders."

" I followed the old gentleman into his chariot; he took the precedence of me, with the old maxim of age before youth; and saying, as it was his intention to be a parent to me, it was but right that I should behave to him with the duty of a son.

" We soon reached his house. He desired me to walk up stairs. We entered an elegant apartment, fitted up most sumptuously. He then went to his escritoir, and, taking out from a drawer a bank bill of a hundred pounds, placed it in my hands, excusing himself for not giving me more, by saying, that it was all the money he had in the house, but it would serve me possibly till the next day, when, if I would

do him the pleasure of breakfasting with him, he would shew what friendship he had conceived for the son of honest Ned Lester, whom he assured me he loved for the spotless and firm integrity of his character as a British merchant, and a private gentleman.

" I was obliged to take the money ; he would have me his debtor.

" You, Miss Tankerville, who have a susceptible soul, may form some idea of what my feelings were, at my finding such a good friend, such a worthy character, such a disinterested attachment.

" It was late before I quitted him. To a great knowledge of the world, he added a most generous spirit and openness of manners. And how pleasant is consolation to the afflicted Unburdened of my weight of sorrow, I hastened home, having taken leave of my good and valuable friend, to communicate the intelligence to my wife. For her I now purchased some of the necessaries, and a small share of the conveniences of life.

"After redeeming from the pawnbroker's the remainder of my clothes, and having dressed myself, I called the next morning on my benefactor to breakfast with him; but what was my surprise and grief, when I was informed that the generous man had died suddenly in the course of the night, that he had been seized with the most violent spasms, that the servant, in answer to the bell, had found Mr. Barret struggling in a strong fit, of which he soon died.

"Disappointed of paying my grateful acknowledgments to my benefactor, by this very sudden calamity, I returned home with a dejected and melancholy countenance, oppressed with additional grief and misfortune.

"My wife perceived that I was afflicted. 'My dear husband,' she thus endeavoured to give me firmness, 'when the clergyman pronounced the marriage ceremony over us, and united a fond pair together, (may heaven forget me when I forget its duties) I promised to share your ill and good

fortune. Shall I now turn recreant in the hour of danger and trial? No! I will rather endeavour to set before your eyes a pattern of fortitude. Tell me, George, wherefore is it you sigh, my dearest, why are you, my love, thus agitated? It is unkind now not to tell me your distress. I am your wife, and you ought to acquaint me with your sorrows: I have a right to know them. Who has so good a title? An exile from the world, pursued by meagre indigence, to what place canst thou fly but to my bosom? Did you not support me, George, when you was in affluent circumstances, and shall I now disown my indulgent husband, or prove less faithful to him in the hour of affliction? Our misfortunes, it must be owned, my dear, are great.' Here she stooped to kiss her infant Edward, who was sitting at her feet, while the big tear of maternal affection stopped awhile her utterance. Ashamed of shewing this tenderness, she proceeded: 'True, our

misfortunes are great; but constancy, resignation, and virtue, my dearest, are in our power. Lester, why are you so downcast? cheer up, my love. The goods that I have mentioned to you are your own; treachery cannot deprive or wheedle you out of them; fortune cannot rob you of treasures of the utmost importance, believe me, to your honest and noble mind. Cheer up! cheer up! my George, who knows what another day may bring. And you, Edward, go my little love, do go, and kiss your poor father —go, and, alas! strive to comfort him, my child.'

"The child obeyed my Elinor, ran to me, kissed my face, and prattled about his new shoes and white frock, which my wife had purchased for him, and his little story book, with nice, pretty prints in it.

"With energy I clasped my hands together, and, on my knees, supplicated the all-gracious and benevolent Deity to take the bitter cup, out of his inexhaustible mer-

cy, from the hand of his helpless suppliant. I entreated Heaven to make me worthy of my exalted and affectionate wife.

" Our benefactor is dead, Elinor !

" My Elinor wept, and paid the tribute of a deep sigh to the memory of Barret.

" With a voice inexpressibly sweet, she thus lamented our departed friend, as she upraised her languishing and soft blue eyes to heaven.

" Thou art gone, then; thou, whom I have never yet had the happiness of seeing; but thou hast been a friend and benefactor to my beloved George—to my poor George thou wast kind, and heaven reward thee for it. I had thought to have shewn thee my little Edward dressed in the clothes your beneficence purchased for him; but it is the lot of mortality to cherish hopes which the wisdom of Providence destroys. Thou wouldst have bound up the wounds of us poor travellers, whose feet have bled with the unevenness of the flinty path. Good man, thou shalt have the full

and joyful reward of thy righteous stewardship! (her heart throbbed.) May my child,' said Elinor emphatically, 'may my poor helpless babe emulate thy virtue!'

"Be comforted, my Elinor, my life, I interrupted. You promised to shew me a fortitude worthy of Arria, or any heroine whom the page of history has immortalized. Have you attempted to suck the venom from my heart, and shall I leave you to suffer a martyrdom by your kindness, and to perish? Shall I try no antidote, while there is one at hand? The father to the fatherless still beholds my jewel, my pretty Edward, my dearest boy.

"This detail may be troublesome, Miss Tankerville, I am afraid."

"Not at all, dearest Sir," replied Emma. "What a charming wife must Elinor Harcourt be. I am really myself in love with her." She blushed, as she passed a merited eulogium on the wife of Lester, who proceeded.

"Well, charming Miss Emma, of the

remainder of the money which I had left from the bounty of Mr. Barret, I determined to be very careful. Experience, I thought, had taught me wisdom; when some demon suggested to me a speedy way of getting immeasurably rich. That way led to the gaming-table! Not having sufficient stock to risk my money at hazard, I preferred a game of which I had once been very fond, and was reckoned an adept. I went to a fashionable billiard-table in St. James's-street, took up a cue, and commenced my trial. I betted on my own play. My opponent disguised his play; and was cool and collected. My mind was irritated, impatient, and distressed. I had been drinking some wine at home, by the persuasion of my faithful Elinor, which, from my not being used even to a small quantity, had raised my spirits. My adversary, who I afterwards learned was a professed gamester, got his living by playing billiards, drank only water, and closely followed a regimen. My nerves, in

addition to these opposite circumstances, were shaken, of course the play was in his favour. When I had lost my last shilling, and fortune had declared me stripped and penny-less, I received intimation that I had been duped by a cajoling sharper. I had sufficient philosophy to attribute the effects to the right causes, that is, to self-love, and the utmost weakness, conceit, and error of judgment; and I blamed myself that these causes had conspired to reduce me to my desperate situation.

"I had promised my Elinor better fortune. Ashamed to look her in the face, I returned home frantic with grief and vexation. I will return to that asylum, said I, the peace of which I have most ungratefully destroyed. Fool, wretched, blind, and arrogant fool that I am!

"That angelic woman was as indulgent as ever. She embraced me, and folded me in her arms. 'I have determined, in your absence,' said she, 'to call on my father.'

She then assumed a gaiety of spirits, and, with her brilliant sallies of pleasing wit and genuine eloquence, endeavoured to entertain me, and lull the phrensy which possessed me.

" Little Edward was dressed in his best clothes, and accompanied his mother to the Earl of Harcourt.

" She knocked at the door, while her sensitive soul throbbed with agony. She shuddered at the thought of seeing her father for the first time since our union.

" A powdered lacquey, dressed in a splendid and costly livery, while the daughter of his master wanted the necessaries of life, opened the door.

" Your name, Madam, if you please."

" My name is Lester."

" I have received particular orders from my master to admit no one of that name."

" I am his daughter, Sir, and must see him."

The honest man was moved.

"Though I should incur the Earl's displeasure, Madam, and lose my place, I will let you see him."

["Good creature," apostrophised Lester, "thou wilt be rewarded at some future time for thy behaviour to the daughter of that harsh and unfeeling nobleman!"]

"My wife fell on her knees at the feet of her father. She endeavoured to embrace them; a flood of tears bespoke the agony of her soul, and shewed her penitence for our rash but tender and affectionate union.

"Her inhuman father pronounced curses on the head of his devoted child, calling her the disgrace of her family; reproached my distressed Elinor for her want, cursed her penitence as the vile cant and hypocrisy of an unfeeling strumpet, and, with violent menaces, bade her quit the house, and take her detested little vagrant with her—ordering the servant, who had admitted her, to follow the cause of his dismissal.

" My poor wife, who was far advanced in a state of pregnancy, miscarried from this additional grief. What remained for me to do? The few articles of value which I had, I converted into ready money; and, driven to a resource from which, in reality, I formed no very sanguine expectations, I called on a school-fellow with whom I had once been intimate, and to whom I had more than once done some service in business. As I only went to him for the purpose of obtaining advice, I doubted not but I might succeed; at the same time aware, that if I should solicit him for pecuniary relief for kindness conferred, on the plea of former intimacy, the chances were a hundred to one that I failed.

" At the outset of our interview he looked discontented; but when I had made him understand that to borrow money was not my intention, but that I only came to him for advice, his countenance cleared up. He bade me welcome, and invited me to dinner:

'to be sure he had not been apprised of his having the pleasure of my company, or he would have prepared something better; but I must put up with pot-luck'—ending his protestations with these words—'Do, my good Sir, let me entreat you to be seated.' In short, a stranger would have supposed him the most faithful friend that a man could possibly have; and not that I had merely pleased him, by flattering him with requesting his advice."

"And so, good Sir, I imagine you propose going into business."

"I have not sufficient capital, I replied, for such an undertaking."

"O, money is no object."

I expressed my great astonishment.

"No object, I assure you," he continued; "you can hire a shop and house on a long lease, let ready furnished lodgings and board, at two guineas and a half a week, which will more than repay you, even supposing that you should only have one gentleman in your

house. Then purchase goods of an opulent tradesman in town, one who can afford to give the longest credit; charge exorbitantly for your goods; make your customers, if you can, pay ready money, by pretending to allow them a discount; to turn the scale is fair in trade, you know, Sir; and if you cannot discharge the lease of your house, or pay for your stock in trade, at the time settled, why you must declare yourself a bankrupt; avail yourself of the indulgence and protection of the law, which is luckily in your favour; consign what money you have to a confidential friend, and pay threepence in the pound—not an unhandsome dividend; or else, complaining of the hardness of the times, request longer credit. If you succeed in trade, turn merchant; and, to keep the penny going, as the old adage has it, buy a ship, freight it with sham packages of saw-dust, sand, or ballast, go shares with the captain, who is to sink the vessel, and cheat the in-

surers, who will pay you for the ship that is supposed to be ACCIDENTALLY lost, and her valuable cargo.

"But if you do not like these methods, there are many other ways of enriching yourself, all equally safe and easy. What think you of attending the courts of law? There are attornies who will be generous enough to fee you with money at the price of a little equivocation. You may take in a young tradesman and minor partner, by asking him to give the names of the firm of his house, and thus deeply and successfully involve him."

"I had let him proceed thus far, to see how black a villain he was; but I could not prevail on my reason to hear more. Darting a severe frown of indignation and abhorrence, I abruptly quitted the presence of a man whose look became intolerable to me.

"Being unable to meet my wife, or listen to the artless caresses and supplicating en-

treaties of my child, which, I knew, would wound me to the heart's core; reduced to the bitterness of poverty, I at length, with plausible sophistry, had argued myself into the propriety of suicide, when the bailiffs yesterday arrested me in the public streets, on the bond that I had given in security for the tradesman who had invited me to dine off turtle, and a ham stewed with claret, previous to his absconding; when you, charming and kind Miss Tankerville, rescued me (here the countenance of Emma changed to a deep crimson); when you, with the gentle voice of sympathy, restored me to seeming happiness, and to the arms of my grateful Elinor. I trust I shall never forget the obligation."

He had finished; but not before Emma had repeatedly complained of an intolerable head-ache and intense heat, and put her moistened handkerchief to her streaming eyes. Then, smiling like the sun in the day of watery April, when he looks through

the clouds, she addressed him courteously: "And how much are you in debt, Sir? I must insist on knowing it."

"The sum, Miss Tankerville, is great. Eleven hundred pounds will barely cover the demands."

She took a pen from a glass inkstand, and wrote on a slip of paper, which she gave into Lester's hands.

"Be pleased, Sir, to accept my draft for two thousand. Come, no excuses, Mr. George Lester; pardon me—no, it must not be returned—I positively will not take my draft again. Good heaven! So you will not let me do a good action.—Let me tell you, Mr. Lester, if you do not receive it from my hands, you will make me very angry with you, when I have so much reason to be pleased with your general conduct. No, Sir; I will not be persuaded to take it again—let not false pride get the mastery of laudable affection for your suffering Elinor and your poor little Ned."

She placed, with the utmost entreaties, the draft in the hands of the grateful and speechless Lester. "You will dine with me to-day, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my aunt, Mrs. Maitland, who is in love with your little cherub. You will not fail to oblige me also with the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Lester. I know your father-in-law. I have the happiness of a familiar acquaintance with him; and have heard him, notwithstanding his harsh and almost unpardonable treatment, mention his daughter with evident marks of sorrow. I have no doubt, haughty as he is, of reconciling him to you, and promise you my hearty assistance. I can assure you, my aunt Maitland is an excellent politician. Lester's eyes sparkled with gratitude—he made the most sincere acknowledgments, bowed, and retired.

At dinner in Portland-street that evening, were seated Mrs. Maitland and her niece, the amiable heroine whom I intend

to immortalize, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester. A more happy party there could not be—the desert was gratitude, and inexpressible pleasure, which fell to the share of Emma. —She had pressed the bashful but elegant Elinor to reciprocal friendship. In them, she viewed her own future happiness, and that of Sir Henry Moreton, if unfortunate destiny threw nothing in their way to oppose it. She likewise revelled in the luxurious thought of having saved a faithful pair from misery, and opened a prospect of their future felicity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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